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RIP OFF COMIX #2

WONDER WART-HOG in "EPIDEMIC!"

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THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

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DORMAN'S DOGGIE

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"TERROR UNDER THE BED" a story by R. Diggs

Griffith Observatory

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FAT FREDDY'S CAT

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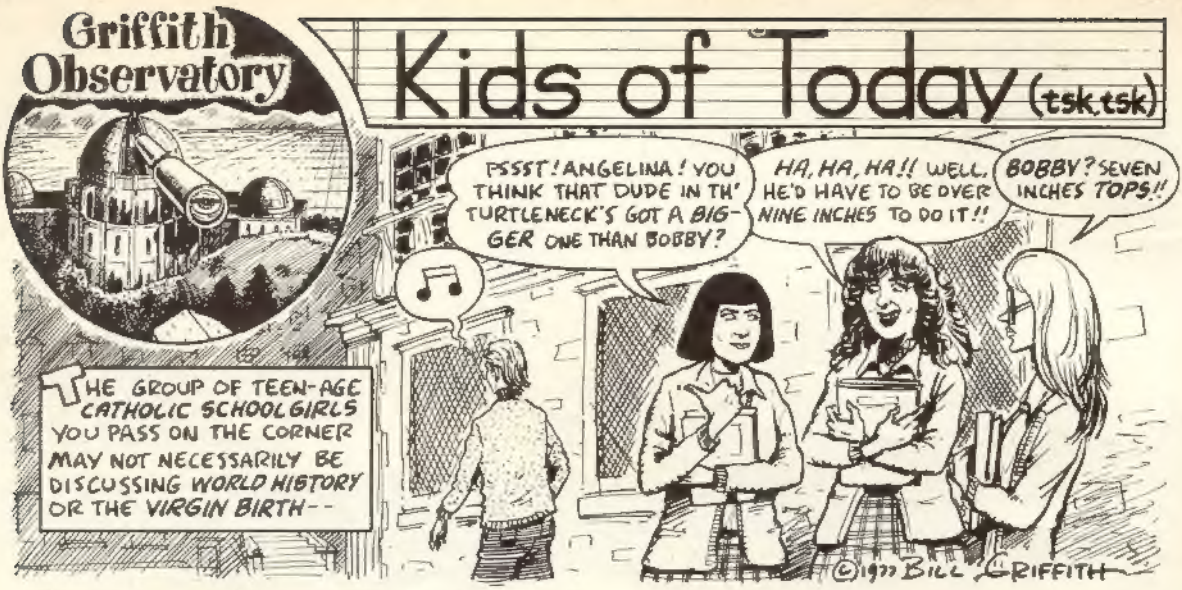
THE 40-YEAR-OLD HIPPIE

ROWDY HOODY

by JUSTIN GREEN

NOT TO MENTION Nerds

by GARY SHELTON



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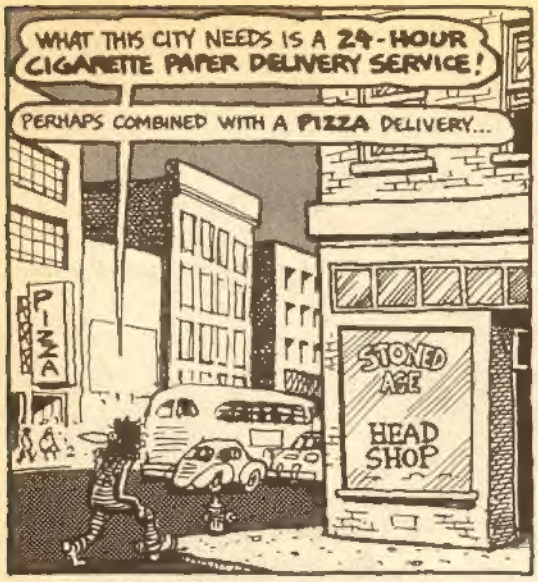

WHAT THIS CITY NEEDS IS A 24-HOUR CIGARETTE PAPER DELIVERY SERVICE!
PERHAPS COMBINED WITH A PIZZA DELIVERY...
PIZZA
STONED AGE
HEAD SHOP

ONE PACKAGE OF WET SILK WHITES, PLEASE!
WILL THAT BE ALL, SIR?
HAVE YOU SIGNED UP FOR OUR BIG CONTEST?
WIN YOUR VERY OWN BUSINESS

WHAT KIND OF CONTEST? DOPE SMOKING? JOINT ROLLING?
HEH HEH HEH!
NAW, IT'S A DEAL I WORKED OUT WITH THE WET SILK ROLLING PAPER COMPANY! I CONVINCED THEM TO BUY MY STORE AND GIVE IT AWAY AS A PRIZE TO SOME LUCKY WET SILK CUSTOMER!
JUST FILL IN THIS COUPON!
WIN YOUR VERY OWN BUSINESS
ENTER NOW

NOW RUB OFF THAT BLACK CRAP ON THE BACK TO SEE IF YOU ARE THE WINNER!
WOW! I WON! I WON! I WON!
DOES THIS MEAN THE WHOLE STORE BELONGS TO ME?

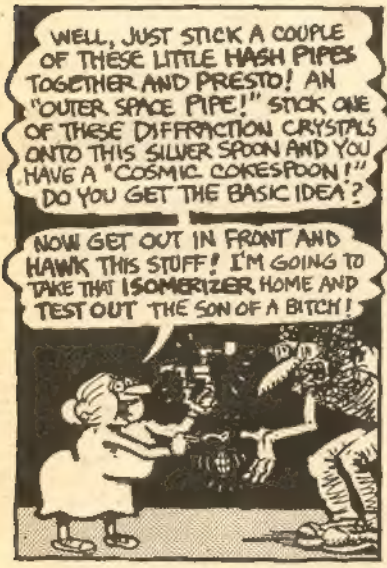
YEP! HERE'S THE KEYS! GOOD LUCK!
WOW! MY VERY OWN HEAD SHOP!

TWO HOURS LATER:
NOT A SINGLE CUSTOMER HAS COME IN IN TWO HOURS! MAYBE I NEED TO WORK ON MY IMAGE! I'LL JUST TRY UNBUTTONING MY COVERALLS DOWN TO MY NAVEL AND PUTTING ON A PAIR OF THESE PINK SUNGLASSES...
HEY! IS ANYBODY HERE?

(GASP!) IT'S A LITTLE OLD LADY!
C'MON, SONNY! I WANT TO BUY THESE BOOKS ON HOW TO MAKE HASH OIL OUT OF GRASS! EVER SINCE I TORE OUT THOSE WORTHLESS GODDAM ROSES AND PUT THE GREENHOUSE TO GOOD USE, I'VE GOT MORE MARIJUANA THAN I KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH!

SAY, SONNY, YOU EVER RUN A STORE BEFORE? I DON'T THINK SO! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A BUSINESS PARTNER? I COULD TELL YOU HOW TO MAKE THIS PLACE INTO A WINNER!
HELP ME, AND IT'S HALF YOURS! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?

FIRST OFF, WHY ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE BLOCKING THE SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF YOUR SHOP?
THEY'RE STANDING IN LINE TO SEE "SPACE-CRAZED," THAT NEW SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIE THAT'S PLAYING DOWN AT THE BIJOU!


WELL, JUST STICK A COUPLE OF THESE LITTLE HASH PIPES TOGETHER AND PRESTO! AN "OUTER SPACE PIPE!" STICK ONE OF THESE DIFFRACTION CRYSTALS ONTO THIS SILVER SPOON AND YOU HAVE A "COSMIC COKESPOON!" DO YOU GET THE BASIC IDEA?
NOW GET OUT IN FRONT AND HAWK THIS STUFF! I'M GOING TO TAKE THAT ISOMERIZER HOME AND TEST OUT THE SON OF A BITCH!

GET YOUR ALL-WEATHER HASH GEAR! SPECIAL WINDPROOF SNORTING SYSTEMS! ALL THE LATEST IN STONED AGE TECHNOLOGY!
CIGARETTE PAPERS

(WOW! I'M MAKING LOTS OF MONEY NOW! THOSE PEOPLE STANDING IN LINE ARE SO BORED THEY'LL SPEND MONEY ON ANYTHING!)
UH... CAN I HELP YOU GENTLEMEN?
HIYUH, MAN! FAR OUT PLACE YOU GOT HERE!

WE'LL LEVEL WITH YOU, MAN! WE REPRESENT A GROUP OF INVESTORS OPENING UP A NATIONAL CHAIN OF HEAD SHOPS CLOSE TO THEATRES SHOWING "SPACE-CRAZED!" AH, SINCE YOURS IS ALREADY OPEN, WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER FOUR TIMES OUR USUAL SUM!
FOR GOODWILL!

WHAT IS YOUR USUAL SUM?
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

YOU WANT TO PAY ME FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR MY STORE? WHEN?
RIGHT NOW!
HERE'S OUR CERTIFIED CHECK!

WHAT'LL I DO WITH ALL THIS MONEY? I KNOW! I'LL MAKE A MOVIE! IT'LL BE A SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE EPIC, X-RATED, WITH PLENTY OF GOOD OL' SEX AND DRUGS! I'LL CALL IT...
"STAR HOOKERS, SPACE PERVERTS AND THE INTERGALACTIC COCAINE WARS!"

LOOK, I NEED CAMERAS, LIGHTS, SET DESIGNERS, ACTORS, CATERERS, GOFERS, ASSISTANTS AND GRUNTS! AND NO NEED TO WORRY! I'M PAYING IN CASH!
YES, SIR!
CAMERA CREW

I WANT TO SEE THAT FINISHED SPACE FURNITURE OVER HERE IN ONE HOUR!
CENTRAL CASTING? I NEED SOME GIANTS, SOME DWARVES AND A COUPLE OF PINHEADS!
WHERE ARE WE GONNA FIND A DOZEN ADOLESCENT MARTIAN VIRGINS?
CLAP!
THE 50,000 GALLONS OF FAKE BLOOD ARE HERE, SIR!

OKAY, NOW WE HAVE THE LASER LIGHTNING-BOLT BATTLE BETWEEN THE NEFARIOUS NARCS OF N-3852 AND THE GALAXY'S MASTER DOPE DEALER...
THE MOBILE FILM LAB WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO PARK THEIR FLEET OF TRAILERS!

THAT CAVIAR PIZZA AND CHAMPAGNE REALLY HIT THE SPOT! PLEASE GIVE THE CATERERS AN EXTRA BIG TIP!

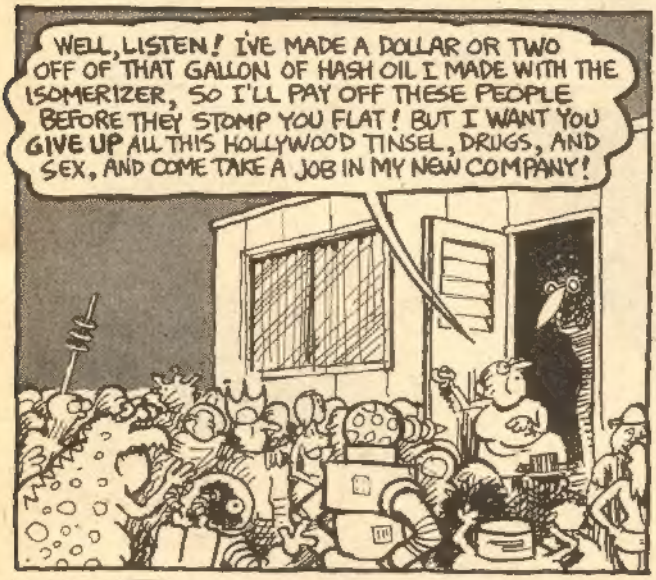
NOW BRING ME ANOTHER SNORT OF THAT COCAINE!
WE'RE ALL OUT OF COCAINE!
ALL OUT OF COKE? I NEED AT LEAST SIX MORE POUNDS FOR THE ACTORS!

MR. DE FREEK, THE STUNT MEN WANT TO BE PAID IN ADVANCE FOR THE H-BOMB SCENE, AND WE'VE USED UP ALL THE CASH!

HOW COULD THAT BE? WE HAD $900,000.00 JUST A COUPLA HOURS AGO!

PHINEAS, THERE ARE FIVE LAWYERS, ELEVEN BILL COLLECTORS, AND A LITTLE OLD LADY IN A WHITE ROLLS-ROYCE WAITING TO SEE YOU!
A LITTLE OLD LADY?

PHINEAS! I WENT BY OUR STORE AND THEY TOLD ME YOU HAD SOLD IT! WHAT'S ALL THIS?
"OUR" MOVIE COMPANY!
MOVIE COMPANY? YOU BROKE YET?
FLAT!


WELL, LISTEN! I'VE MADE A DOLLAR OR TWO OFF OF THAT GALLON OF HASH OIL I MADE WITH THE ISOMERIZER, SO I'LL PAY OFF THESE PEOPLE BEFORE THEY STOMP YOU FLAT! BUT I WANT YOU GIVE UP ALL THIS HOLLYWOOD TINSEL, DRUGS, AND SEX, AND COME TAKE A JOB IN MY NEW COMPANY!

A JOB?
I WANT YOU TO BE OFFICIAL TASTER FOR MOM'S HASH-OIL BROWNIES! YOU KNOW, THIS STUFF'S GONNA BE LEGALIZED SOON AND WE HAVE TO BE READY!
JUST REMEMBER OUR MOTTO, "YOU CAN TRUST MOM!"

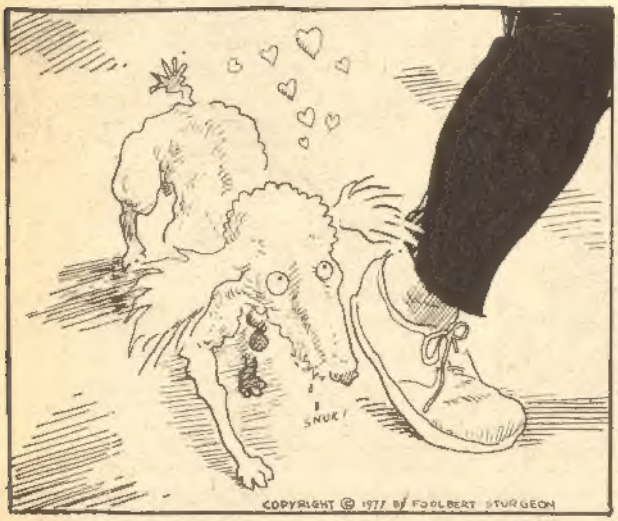
I'M LEAVING YOU A BUSHEL OF MY FINEST SINSEMILLA SOAKED IN MY SPECIAL HASH-OIL SAUCE! DROP BY THE HOUSE NEXT WEEK AND WE'LL START COOKIN'!
HOME, JAMES!

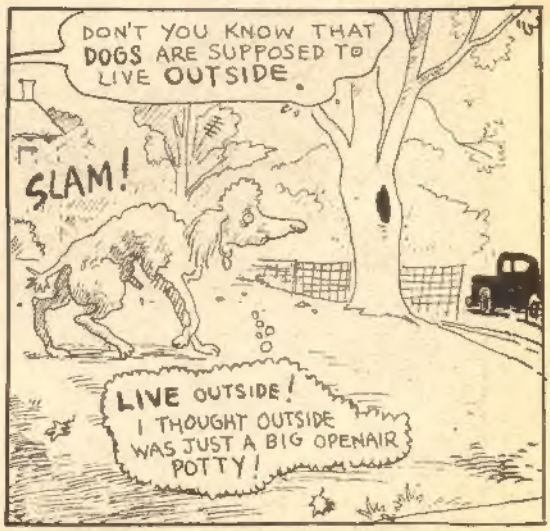
WOW! YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE ALL THE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO ME TODAY! BUT FIRST, LET'S SMOKE A JOINT OF THIS SINSEMILLA SOAKED IN SPECIAL HASH-OIL SAUCE!

WHERE ARE THE CIGARETTE PAPERS?
CIGARETTE PAPERS?
I FORGOT THE CIGARETTE PAPERS!
THE END!

DORMAN'S DOGGIE

By Foolbert Sturgeon

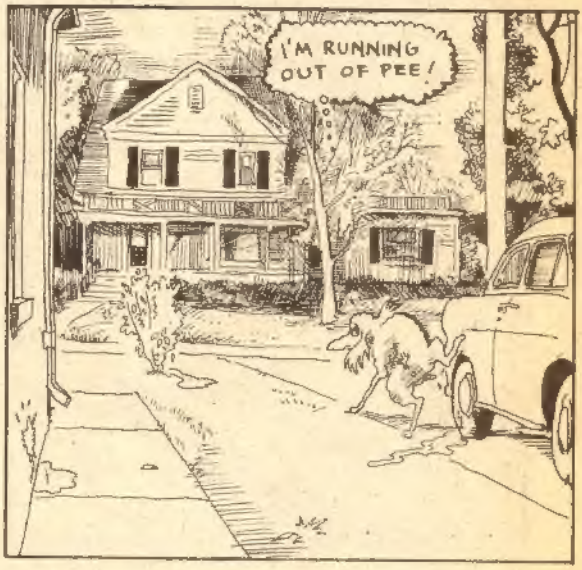




GO OUTSIDE AND DO YOUR DOGGY BUSINESS, PING!
DOGGY BUSINESS ???

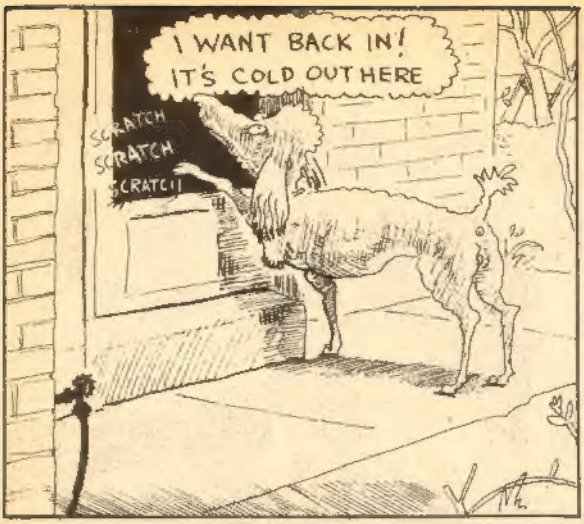
WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY THAT? I DON'T SEE ANY SQUIRRELS TO CHASE, OR PAPER BOY TO BARK AT?

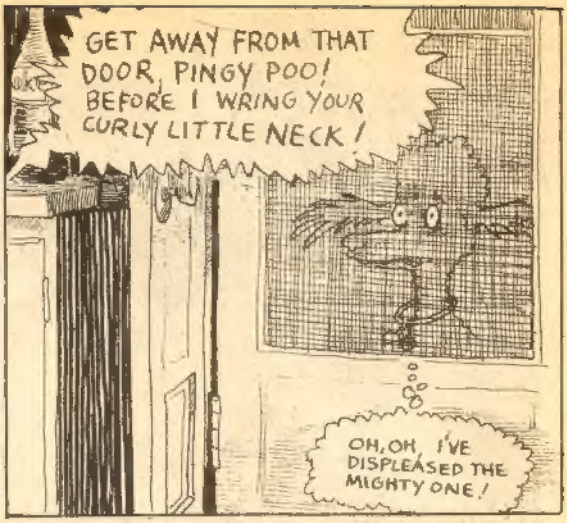
HE MUST WANT ME TO MARK OUR TERRITORY!
SQUIRT!

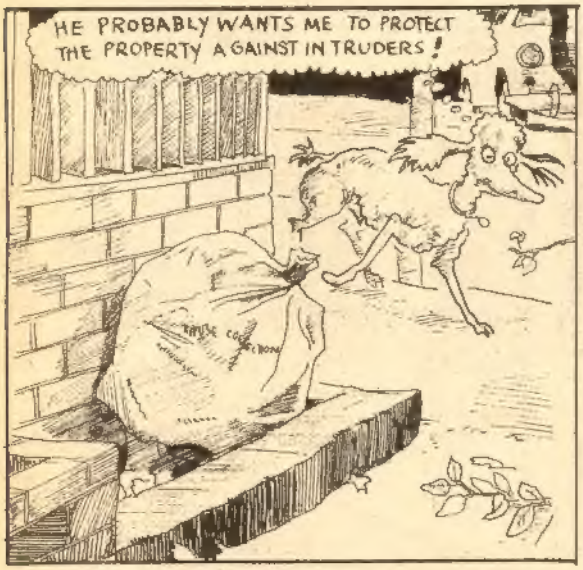

I'M RUNNING OUT OF PEE!

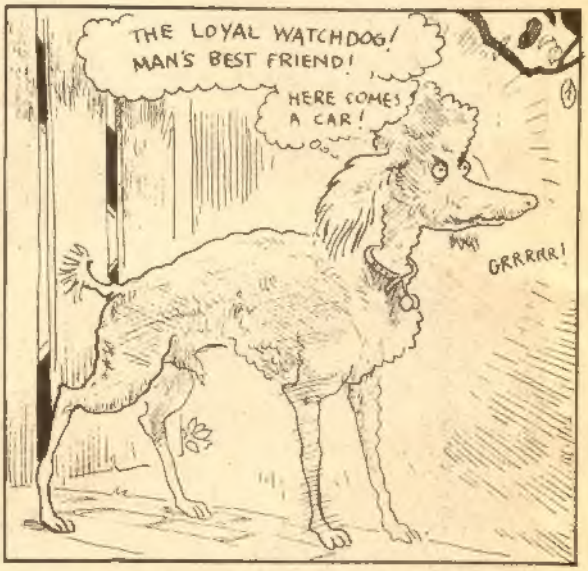
I'M BONE DRY AND I HAVE'NT FINISHED MY DUTY!
SQUEAK!

I'D BETTER GO BACK INSIDE AND DRINK SOME WATER... WHINE SIMPER WHIMPER!
SCRATCH


I WANT BACK IN! IT'S COLD OUT HERE
SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH

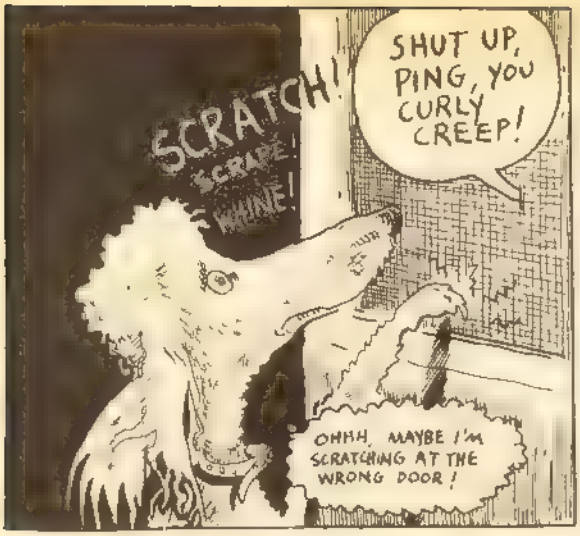

GET AWAY FROM THAT DOOR, PINGY POO! BEFORE I WRING YOUR CURLY LITTLE NECK!
OH, OH, I'VE DISPLEASED THE MIGHTY ONE!

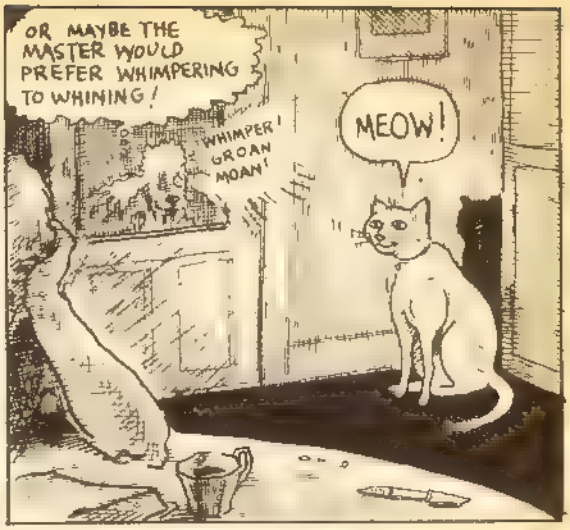

HE PROBABLY WANTS ME TO PROTECT THE PROPERTY AGAINST INTRUDERS!


THE LOYAL WATCHDOG! MAN'S BEST FRIEND!
HERE COMES A CAR!
GRRRRR!

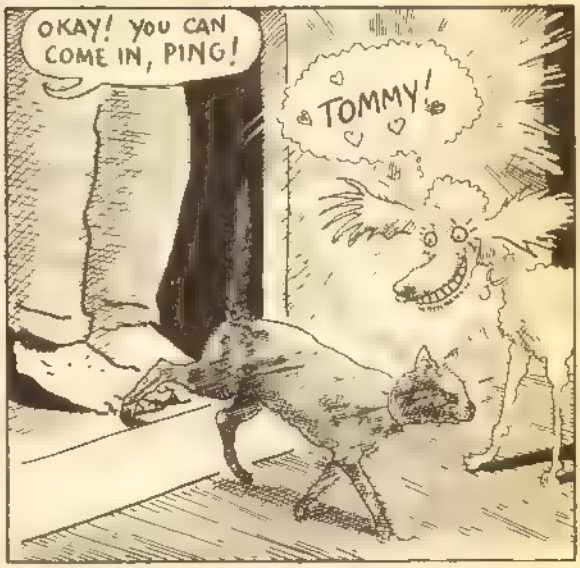
BOW WOW WOW WOFF WUFF WUFF RAFF RAFF RAFF ROW ROW RUFF RUFF YOU BETTER RUN, CAR!
WHEEZE PUFF COFF!

NOW, I WANT BACK IN! WHINE! WHINE!
THAT STUPID MUTT IS AT THE DOOR, AGAIN!


SCRATCH!
SCRAPE!
WHINE!
SHUT UP, PING, YOU CURLY CREEP!
OHHH, MAYBE I'M SCRATCHING AT THE WRONG DOOR!

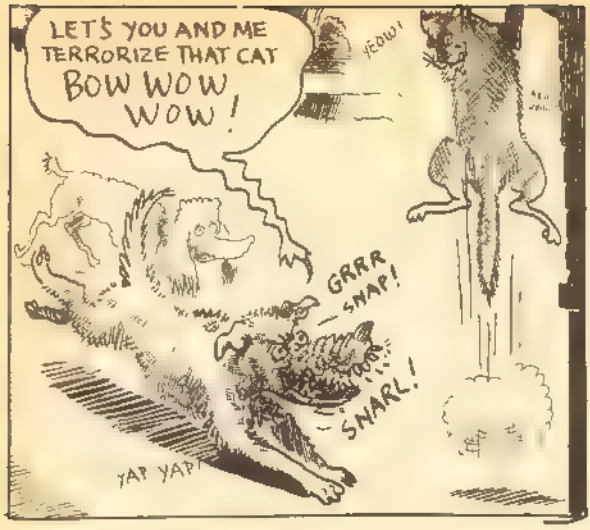

OR MAYBE THE MASTER WOULD PREFER WHIMPERING TO WHINING!
WHIMPER! GROAN MOAN!
MEOW!

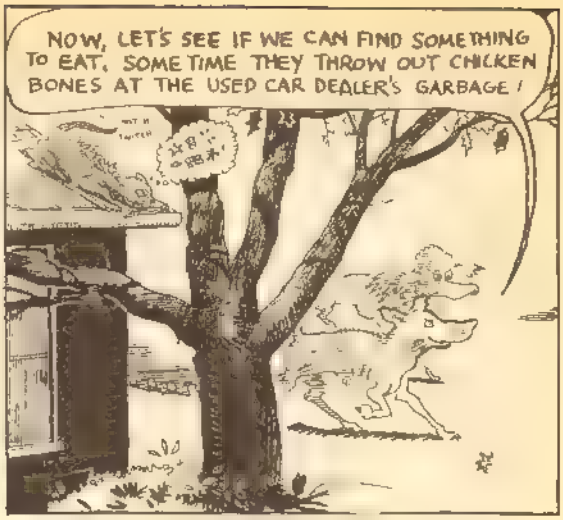
LOOK AT THAT! TOMMY WANTS TO GO OUT!
HE'S SUCH A SWEET KITTY!
WHINE!
PURR PURR


OKAY! YOU CAN COME IN, PING!
TOMMY!

WILL YOU COME ON IN? AH, HELL WITH YA!

UH, OH!
WELL, AT LEAST HERE'S A DOG TO BARK AT...
WHY DON'T YOU WISE UP, MAC?
SLAM


LET'S YOU AND ME TERRORIZE THAT CAT BOW WOW, WOW!
YEOW!
GRRR
SNAP!
SNARL!
YAP YAP!


NOW, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOMETHING TO EAT. SOMETIME THEY THROW OUT CHICKEN BONES AT THE USED CAR DEALER'S GARBAGE!

HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET A SISSY NAME LIKE PINGYPOO, ANYHOW? I WOULDN'T EVEN ANSWER TO IT IF I WAS YOU!
THESE ARE VERY GOOD
GRRR
SNAP!
GLOP!
CHOMP!

IS PING STILL OUT THERE? I DON'T WANT THE DOG CATCHER TO GET HIM!
IT'S OKAY WITH ME IF HE GETS HIM! I'M TIRED OF BUYING DOG FOOD FOR THE LITTLE JERK!
Grunt State Wins Epic Struggle Yea Grunt!...
WHERE THE HELL ARE MY GLASSES?

WELL, I WANT HIM IN!
HERE, PING!

FWEET FWEET
COME ON HOME PINGY-POO!
DONT JUST COME 'ARUNNING WHEN THEY HOLLER. STRING 'EM ALONG. MAKE 'EM WAIT!

I'M BEING CALLED!
I HAVE TO GO HOME, YGOR!
LET'EM WAIT! THEY'LL HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR YOU!
HERE PING!
GOBBLE EAT!
SNURF!
CHOMP!

OHHH!
LEMME GIVE YA A T.P, JACK!
CHEW!

GET A LITTLE DIGNITY!!!
DO SOME THINGS ON YOUR OWN
RAID SOME GARBAGE CANS — SMELL SOME ASSHOLES! HAVE SOME FUN.
COME ON PINGA PAL!
BUT I'M AFRAID! IT'S A SIN TO DISOBEY...
SNORT SHUCK!
LURP!

I DO BARK AT CARS!!!
CHASE 'EM!
ANOTHER THING!..
WHY DO PEOPLE LIKE COFFEE GROUNDS??

I SAW YOU SNUGGLING UP TO THAT TOMCAT
SON OF A BITCH! HEY, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT CATS AND US DOGS ARE NATURAL ENEMIES!
YOU GOTTA CHASE CATS
OHNO

YES!
I KNOW YOURE RIGHT. I CAN FEEL IT IN THE MY DARKEST RECESSES OF MY BEING... BUT...
I LIVE IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH HIM!
THEN HE CAN'T GET AWAY!
GLOP

YOU GET IN THIS HOUSE, PING!
IF YOU HAD ANY MOXY YOU WOULDNT GO HOME TILL TOMORROW!!

GET OUTA MY GARBAGE, YOU SCROUNGY MUTTS
BLAM!

THE DINNER CONVERSATION, BETWEEN PING AND HIS WORLDLY FRIEND YGOR IS INTERRUPTED...

YAWP!

Yiii! ROCK SALT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

STAY OUTA MY TRASH YOU MANGY BASTARDS!

BOOM!

OHH, OHH! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN! MOAN

THE COSMIC FORCES PUNISH US WHEN WE BREAK THEIR COMMANDMENTS !!!

GODDAM TURKEY! HE DIDN'T WANT THAT GARBAGE ANYMORE WOULD YOU SHUT UP THAT SILLY CHICKENSHIT STUFF?

BE GLAD HE DIDN'T CALL THAT SONUVABITCH DOGCATCHER!... JEES, MAYBE HE DID!

WHERE IS THAT STOOPID MUTT! COME ON HOME, PINGY-POO!

I'VE GOT TO GO!

YEH, YEH, YEH, BE A GROVELLING, LOUSY, COWARDLY CHICKENSHIT LAP DOG! THOSE PEOPLE OF YOURS AIN'T GONNA DO ANYTHING TO YA! DON'T GO BACK TILL YOU WANT TO!

I WANT TO NOW!

BUT FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO DO MY BEST TO BE A BETTER DOG!

I WILL I WILL!

START WITH THAT CAT YA GOT LIVIN' WITH YOU!

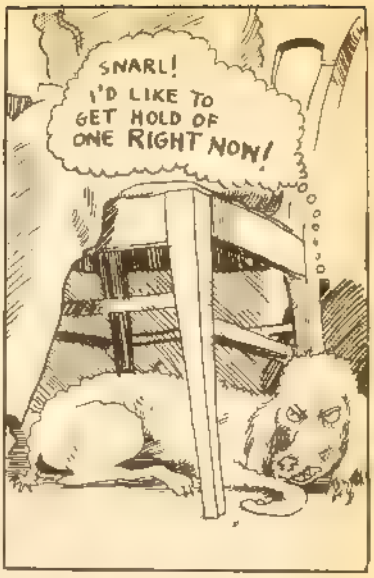
WHY DIDN'T YOU COME WHEN I CALLED YOU, YOU JERK?

NOW WHERE'S YOUR PAL, TOMMY CAT?

YOU MEAN MY NATURAL ENEMY, TOMMY CAT. GRRRR!

DOGS AND CATS ARE NATURAL ENEMIES... LIKE COW BOYS AND INDIANS!
YES, YES I SEEM TO RECALL...

PINGY-POO'S PRIMAL-INSTINCTS ARE ACTIVATED
I HATE CATS! GRRR!


SNARL! I'D LIKE TO GET HOLD OF ONE RIGHT NOW!

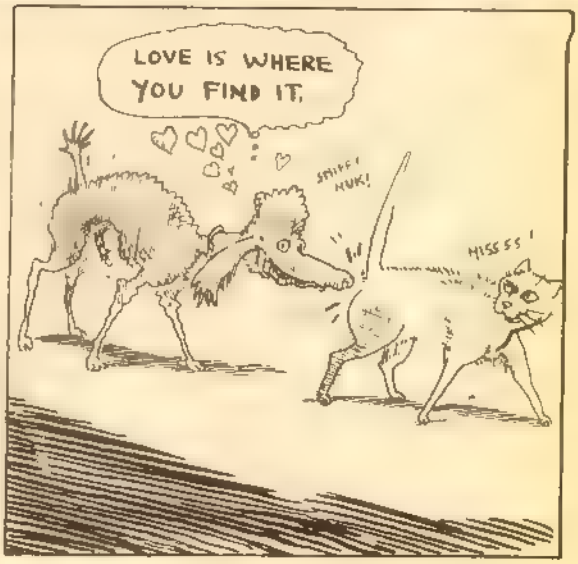
THERE'S TOMMY CAT WANTING TO COME IN
MEOW
I'LL SHOW HIM! GRRR!

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL DAY, TOMMY
TOMMY'S SUCH A PRETTY KITTY!
GRRRR

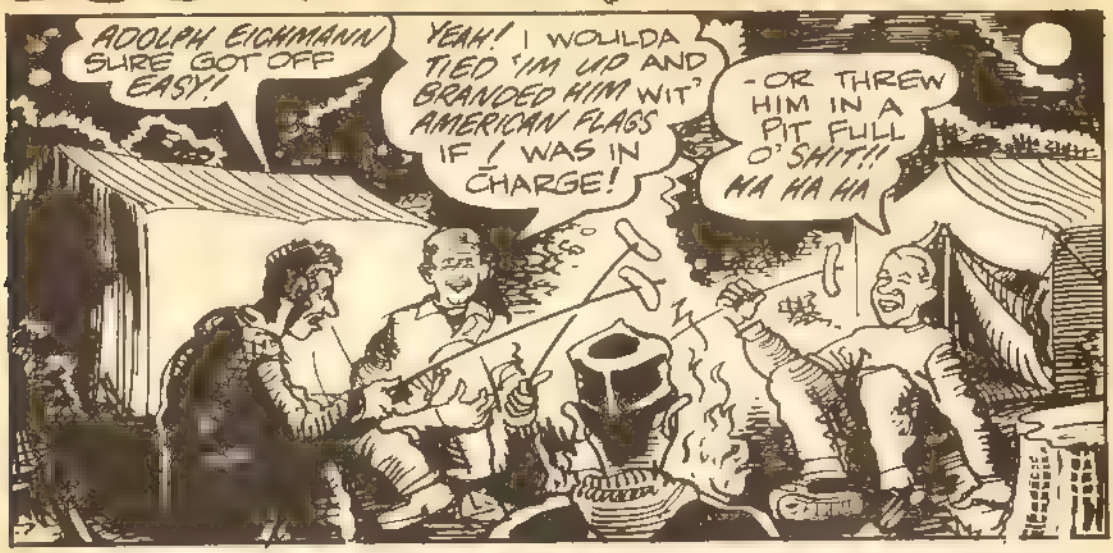
HE IS SUCH A PRETTY KITTY!
BUT I HATE HIM.

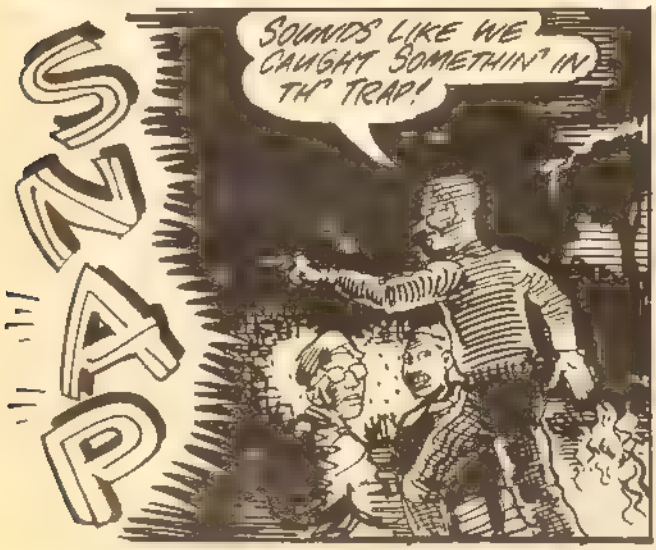
YES! I HATE HIM!
I DO HATE HIM! I DO HATE HIM! I MUST CONTROL MYSELF AND BE A REAL DOG!
STRAIN
STRAIN
GRIMACE

OH, WELL
POP!
WHAT THE HEL...


LOVE IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.
SNIFF! NUK!
HISSSS!

☆ROWDY NOODY☆





©'77 JUSTIN GREEN

Griffith Observatory
Religious Nuts
©1977 BILL GRIFFITH
..THEN THE BIO-NEBULAR UNIT, WHEN LINKED WITH ANOTHER, FORMS THE NUCLEUS OF A INTER-NEBULATORY FEED-BACK MODULE!!
I HEAR YOU... AND, THROUGH A CONTINUOUS GESTALT-O-RAMA PROCESS, EACH INTERNEBULATORY FEEDBACK MODULE PREPARES IT-SELF FOR THE EVEN LARGER DYNOGYSMIC INTEGRITY CLUSTER OF 5,000 HEMO-PEDS!!
SPECIAL TERMINOLOGY IS A NECESSARY CRUTCH FOR ANY UTOPIAN SET-UP... WITHOUT OFFICIAL-SOUNDING LANGUAGE, THIS EXCLUSIVE LITTLE CLUB WOULD APPEAR NO MORE EXOTIC THAN A CUB SCOUT PACK--
I'VE DECIDED TO EAT NOTHING BUT BANANAS AND SEAWEED- I FEEL THAT THE CRUNCHING NOISE IS TOO REMINISCENT OF PRIMITIVE BONE-TEARING!!
C-R-RUNCH!
I'VE BEEN SO HIGH SINCE I GAVE UP LETTUCE!!
VEGETARIANISM CAN EASILY REACH RELIGIOUS PROPORTIONS. REFRAINING FROM MEAT ON MORAL GROUNDS SERVES TO DIGNIFY FEELINGS OF GUILT TOWARD SAD-EYED, FURRY CREATURES AND SUBSTITUTES RIGHTEOUSNESS FOR SQUEAMISHNESS.
BOSS, I CAN'T DO NO DIGGIN' TODAY-MY CHART SAYS MY "AIR" SIGN IS DOMINANT SO I'M GOIN' TO THE TRACK!!
TOTALLY SELF-ABSORBED, THE ASTROLOGIST BELIEVES THE UNIVERSE REVOLVES ABOUT HIS OR HER EXISTENCE. THIS FAD HAS NOW PERMEATED EVERY LEVEL OF SOCIETY
DON'T SWEAT IT, JACK! MY TAROT READING THIS MORNING SAID "LUCK IN THE AFTERNOON"; SO PUT $5 ON "BIG BOY" IN THE SIXTH- ON TH' NOSE!!
PSYCHICS ARE ON THE LOOSE AGAIN, TOO-BUT, WITH A NEW ANGLE.. FILLING A VOID LEFT BY THE BREAKDOWN OF CONVENTIONAL RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS, THESE SIDESHOW FAKERS ARE GIVEN CREDIT FOR SUPERNATURAL POWERS BY THEIR DEVOTED FLOCK..
BEND, HAIRPIN, BEND!!!
BUY THE BOOK SEE THE MOVIE
IT TWITCHED!!
GASP!
I WAN'T Y'ALL TO OPEN YOUR HEARTS TO MARVIN AN' LUCILLE.. ..HE USED TO ABUSE YOUNG GIRLS IN THE SCHOOLYARD AN' SHE OFFERED 'EM HEROIN AN' ABORTIONS! HALLELUJAH!!
YOUR "BORN AGAIN" CHRISTIANS ARE ALL THE RAGE THIS YEAR.. AND, THE SEEDIER THE PAST LIFE, THE MORE WELCOME IS THE NEW CONVERT--

NERDS

(Nerdz) n. A strange breed of humanoid rodent sporting large, floppy ears. Considered worthless and a pest by experts; is extremely poisonous if eaten. *Slang*, a dumb, sleazy, cheap, or ugly person. Origins unknown.

by DAVE SHERIDAN

I'M SO FUCKING BORED I COULD SCREAM!

WHY DON'T YOU LEARN HOW TO DRIVE AND STEAL US A CADILLAC?

OR GET INTO POLITICS!

WHAT? WITH THESE EARS THEY'D SPOT ME IN A SECOND!

WELL, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO CONVINCE THESE DUMB HUMANS TO LIKE OUR LOOKS!

HA! HOW DO WE DO THAT? THE UFO SOCIETY WON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE US!

YEAH THEY SAY WE'VE ALWAYS BEEN AROUND!

I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL DESIGN A HAT WITH FLOPPY EARS!

THEY'LL EAT IT UP!

WHERE'S MY SKETCH PAD?!

Fashion

THE LATEST FROM EUROPE

TRASH CAN LINERS AND SAFETY PINS

YOILÀ!

WELL? IT'S MORNING! ARE THE HATS DONE?

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A KNITTING NEEDLE FOR BREAKFAST?

KNIT KNIT KNIT KNIT KNIT KNIT KNIT KNIT KNIT KNIT

SIX HOURS LATER...

AHEM. I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH MR. ZUCCI, IN THE FASHION DEPARTMENT!

HEY, THAT'S A CUTE HAT! WHERE'D YOU GET IT?

CHILDREN

INFORMATION

HMM. THESE ARE ABSOLUTELY DARLING! I'LL PUT THEM OUT FOR A SALES TEST!

THERE'S ANOTHER ONE! THEY SOLD ALL TEN HATS IN A HALF-HOUR!! WE'VE GOT A FAD ON OUR HANDS!

TELL THEM TO START KNITTING!!

Pimbles

PERHAPS NOW WE WILL BE RIGHTFULLY RECOGNIZED FOR WHAT WE TRULY ARE!

WHAT'S THAT?

DISTINGUISHED JET-SET GUEST PESTS!

END

THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

"THE RIP"
BY
TED RICHARDS
©1977

THE EVENING IS STILL YOUNG AND WE FIND OUR HIPPIE SHARING A TABLE WITH SOME WELL-HEELED TOURISTS AT A QUAINT ALLEYWAY BAR IN THE NORTH BEACH POET GHETTO.

HEYGH!! YOU PEOPLE TALK TO ME?! NGHUH? YOU BUY ME BEER?. HOGIT?

AVOID EYE CONTACT ALICE! HE'S DANGEROUS!

NAH...HE'S REALLY QUITE HARMLESS.

HARMLESS!? REALLY? THEN YOU MUST KNOW WHO HE IS!

SURE DO! THAT'S FERLINGHETTI HIMSELF!

WHOPGHFPH TALK TO ME! I TALK TO YOU!

FERLINGHETTI!? WOW!! PARDON US, BUT ARE YOU REALLY THE FAMOUS POET, LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI!?

SURE! ME HIM. YOU WANT BUY AUTOGRAPH POEM? ME JUST PUBLISH. FIFTY DOLLAR MONEY!

UH...WELL WE ONLY HAVE FORTY DOLLARS..

ME TAKE IT! WAIT HERE. I RETURN!

SNATCH

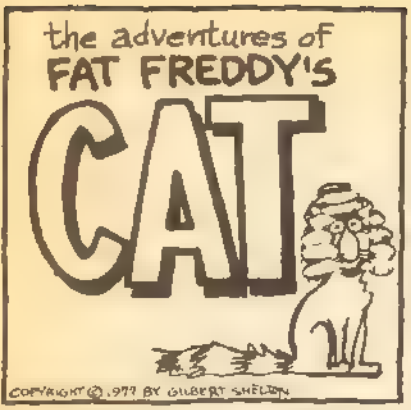
AN HOUR LATER

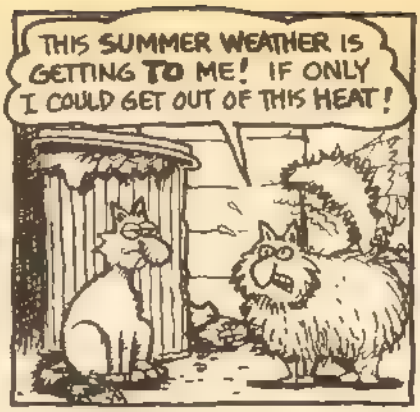
UH...TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL GO AN' SEE IF I CAN FIND FERLINGHETTI. WAIT RIGHT HERE.

TWO HOURS LATER

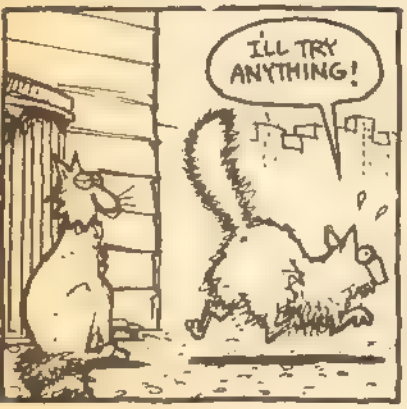
YOU'RE A RIP-OFF DIRTY BILLY! YOU SPENT YOUR SHARE NOW GIVE ME MY TWENTY BUCKS!

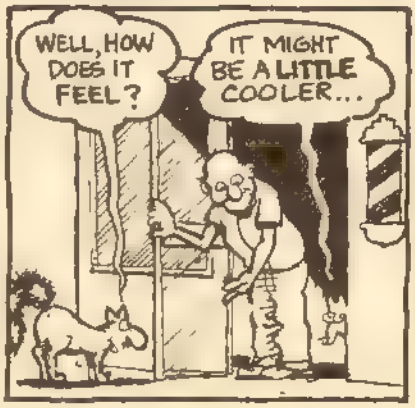
OG KAY. HERE $15. GIVE YOU FIBE NEXT TIME WE DO TRICK..


the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
COPYRIGHT © 1977 BY GILBERT SHELTON

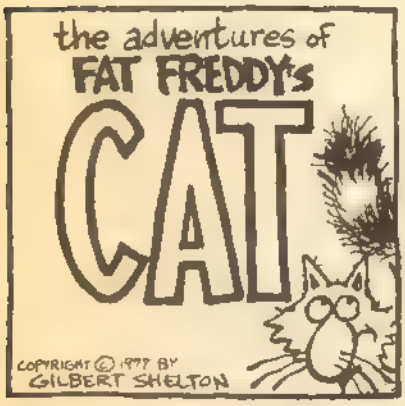

THIS SUMMER WEATHER IS GETTING TO ME! IF ONLY I COULD GET OUT OF THIS HEAT!

WHY DON'T YOU GET A "CREW CUT?"


I'LL TRY ANYTHING!


WELL, HOW DOES IT FEEL?
IT MIGHT BE A LITTLE COOLER...

... BUT I THINK IT LOOKS SILLY AS HELL!
I THINK MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT!


the adventures of
FAT FREDDY'S
CAT
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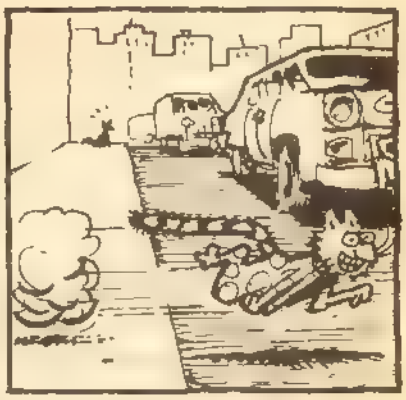
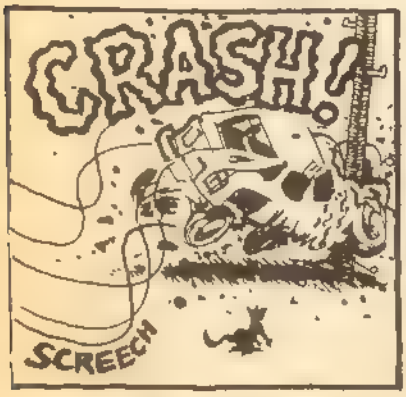


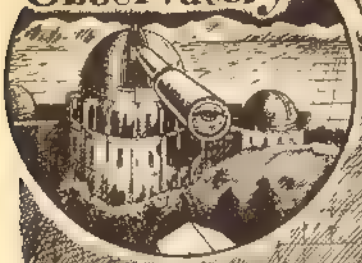

CRASH!
SCREECH

THAT'S A NEAT STUNT, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT THE CAR WILL SWERVE LIKE THAT?

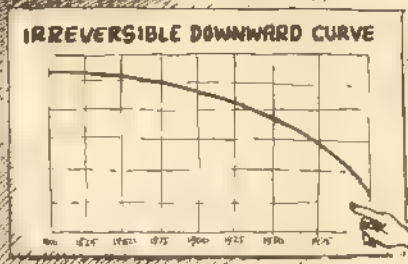
WE ONLY PICK THE CARS WITH BUMPER STICKERS LIKE THIS!
6763
WARNING: I SWERVE TO AVOID ANIMALS

Griffith Observatory

THE DOOMSTERS



SOME ADVOCATES OF THE "NEW", DARWINIAN SCIENCE OF *SOCIOBIOLOGY* FORECAST AN *END OF LIFE ON EARTH* BY THE YEAR 2000... AND THEY'VE GOT CONVINCING EVIDENCE, TOO.



HOPELESS.

INEVITABLE.

TSK.

THE TWO PRINCIPLE FACTORS ARE *WORLD FAMINE* AND *NUCLEAR PROLIFERATION*.. THERE'S ABSOLUTELY *NO HOPE!!*

NOT TO MENTION THE NEUTRON BOMB

©1977 BILL GRIFFITH

YOUR *ASTRONOMY BUFF* TENDS TO BE ANOTHER PURVEYOR OF DOOM, REVELING IN *BLACK HOLES, ANTI-MATTER* AND A *FINITE UNIVERSE* —

HENRY, DID YOU KNOW THAT A *GIANT DEAD STAR* IS HEADED FOR THE EARTH ON A *COLLISION COURSE ??*

UH, LISTEN, HONEY, ABOUT THIS MONTH'S *PHONE BILL*...

YOUR *TOFU* AND *YEAST* SANDWICH IS READY ANYTHING IN THE PAPER TODAY?

THEN, THERE'S THE *ECO-PARANOID* WHO SEES THE WORLD RAPIDLY *POISONING* ITSELF TO DEATH..

..YEH. *CANCER'S* REACHING EPIDEMIC PROPORTIONS, THE ALASKA PIPELINE'S *ON FIRE*, POLLUTION IS KILLING ALL THE *PINE TREES*, AND HALF THE WORLD'S POPULATION COULD SURVIVE ON THE GRAIN WE FEED THE CATTLE WHICH SUPPLY TEN TIMES THE PROTEIN * WE NEED---

JUST TH' USUAL..

* ALL TRUE

AND THE *"RADICAL"* WHO HAS *HIS* FINGER ON THE REAL SOURCE OF THE *PROBLEM*..

IT'S SIMPLE *ELIMINATE ROCKEFELLER* AND ALL MEMBERS OF HIS *"TRI-LATERAL COMMISSION"*!! IT'S THE ONLY WAY..

WELL, I....

HMMM.

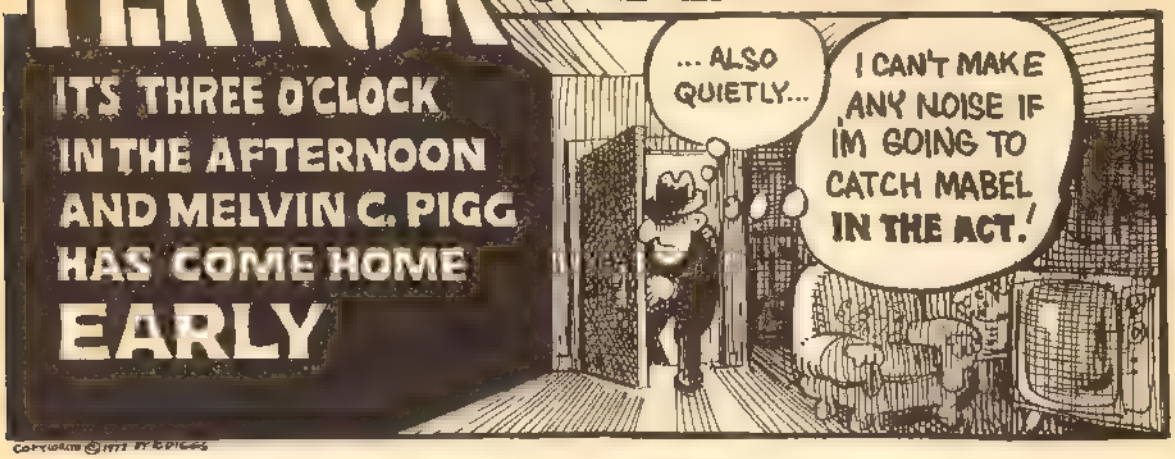
THIS PLANET IS *NOT* THEIR *PLAYTHING!!*

FINALLY, WE HAVE THE *ALL-IN-ONE* DOOMSTER WHO TRANSLATES HIS OWN *ANXIETY* INTO *PLOTS* AND *CONSPIRACIES*, BOTH GOVERNMENT AND CORPORATE, THE EXISTENCE OF WHICH KEEPS HIM IN A STATE OF CONSTANT *REVULSION* WITH THE *MODERN WORLD* IN GENERAL AND *AMERICAN SOCIETY* IN PARTICULAR--

CARTOONING IS HIS ONLY OUTLET!!

LIGHTEN UP, HUH, PAL ??.. GET *MELLOW!!*

TERROR UNDER THE BED!



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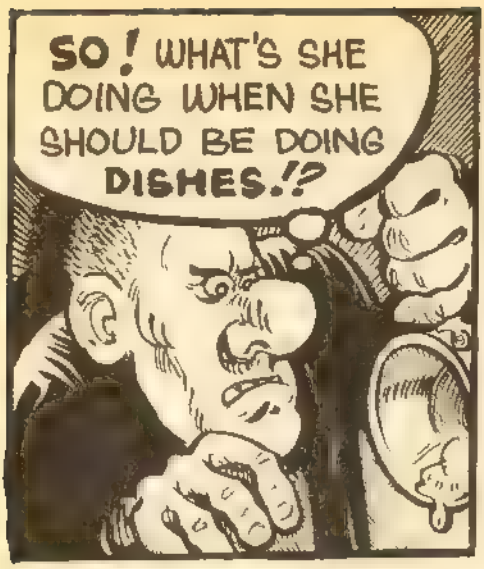
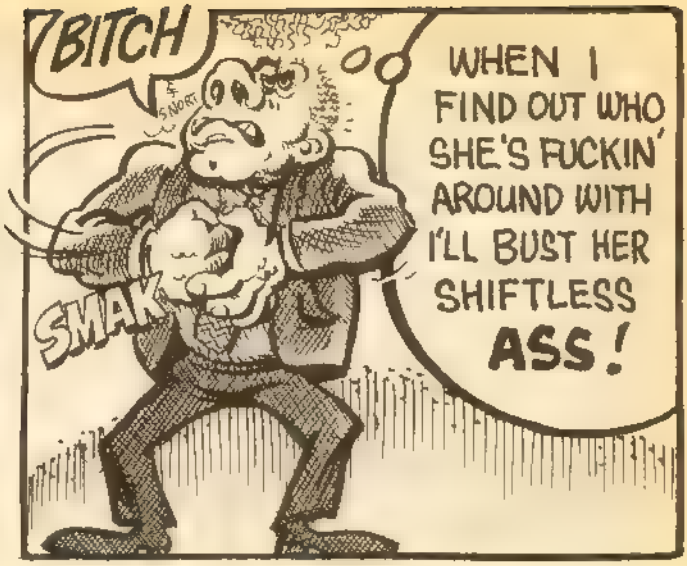
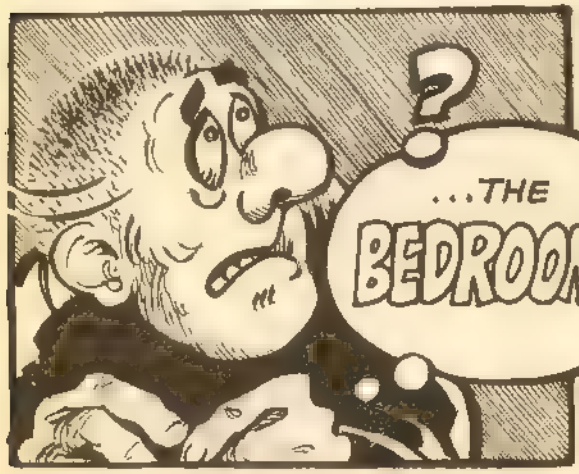
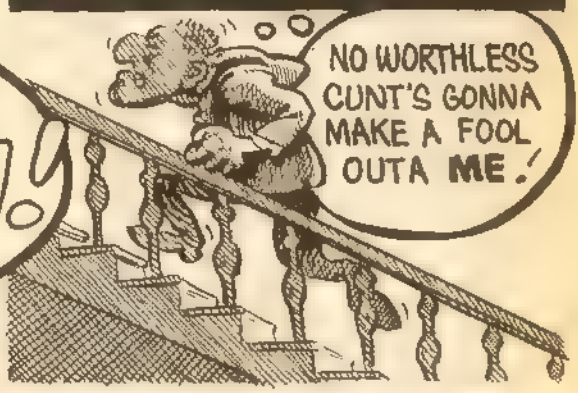


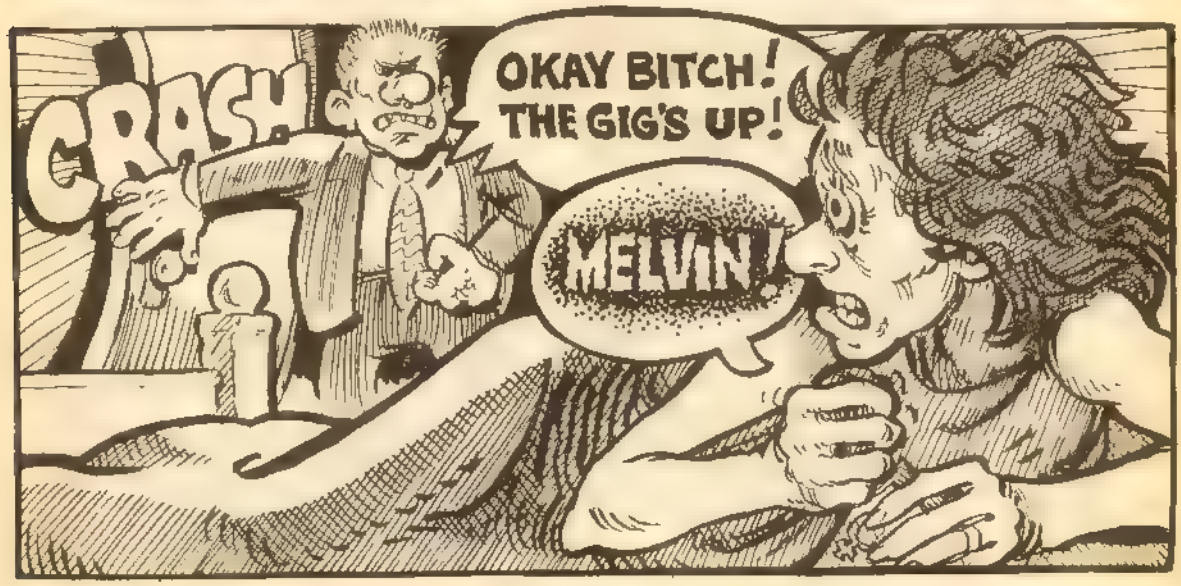


SUDDENLY: A FAINT SOUND!



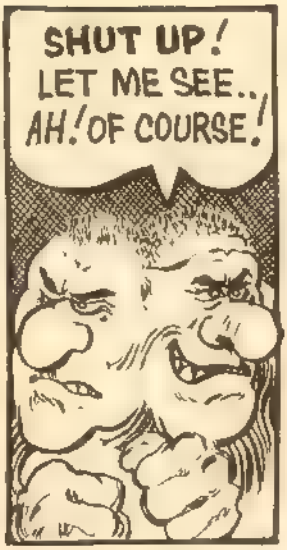
WITH THE SILENT SAVAGERY OF AN AVENGING TIGER MELVIN STORMS THE STAIRS



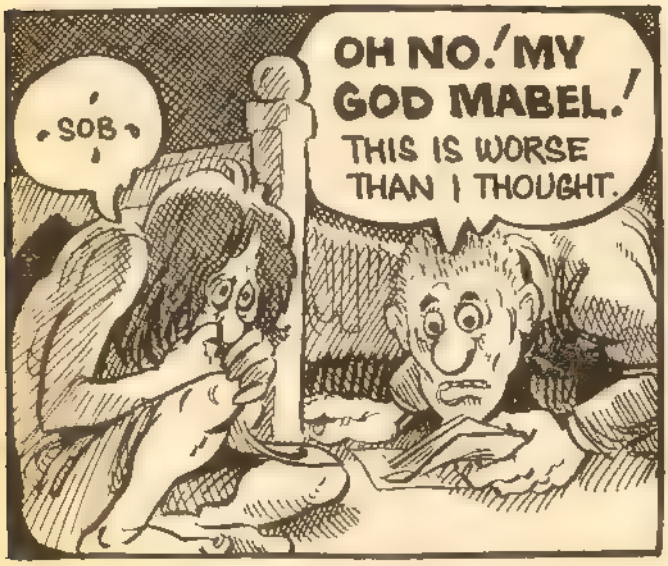


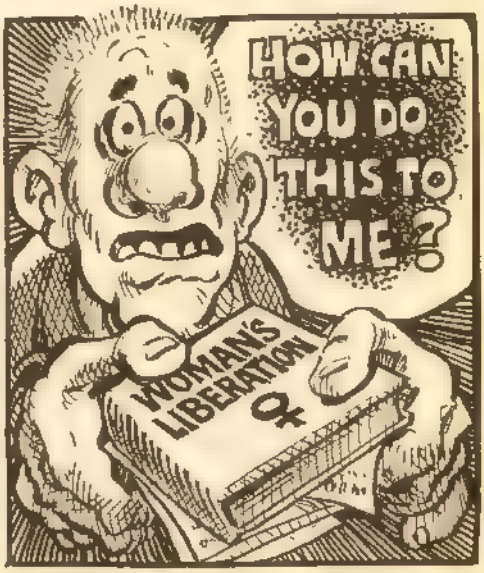
GET OUT OF BED YOU LAZY SLUT!
JERK
WHISK

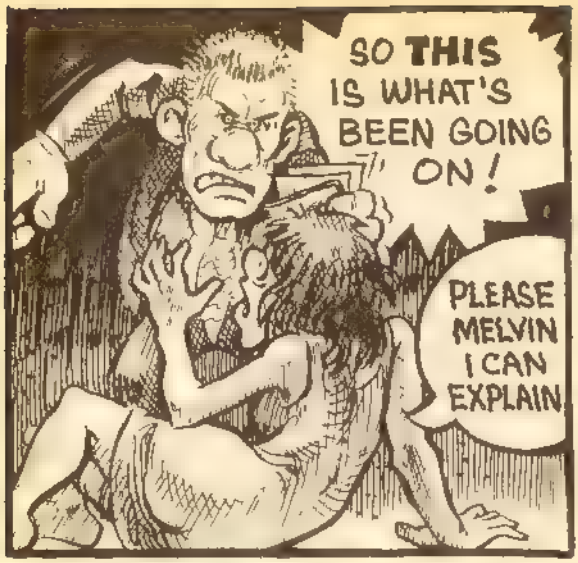
OKAY! WHERE IS HE?
MELVIN, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

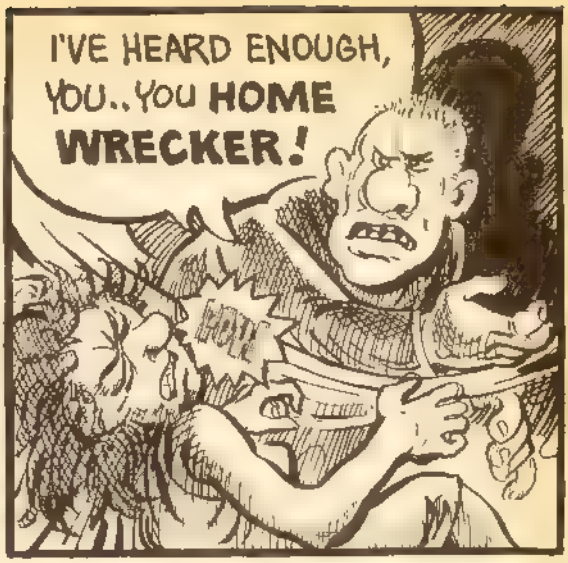

SHUT UP! LET ME SEE.. AH! OF COURSE!

UNDER THE BED!
NO MELVIN NO!

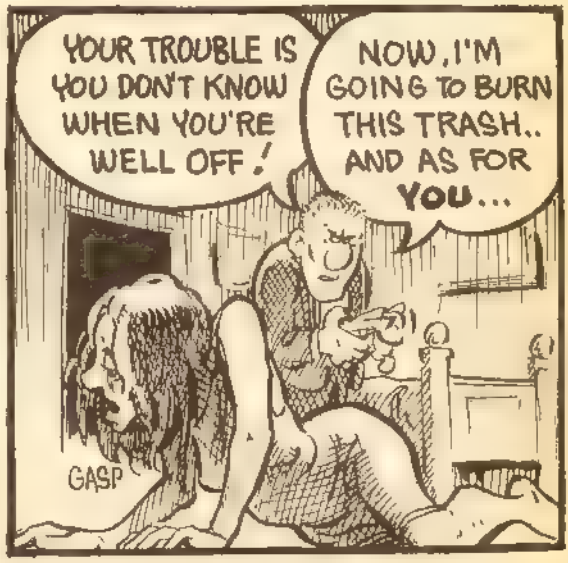

SOB
OH NO! MY GOD MABEL! THIS IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT.

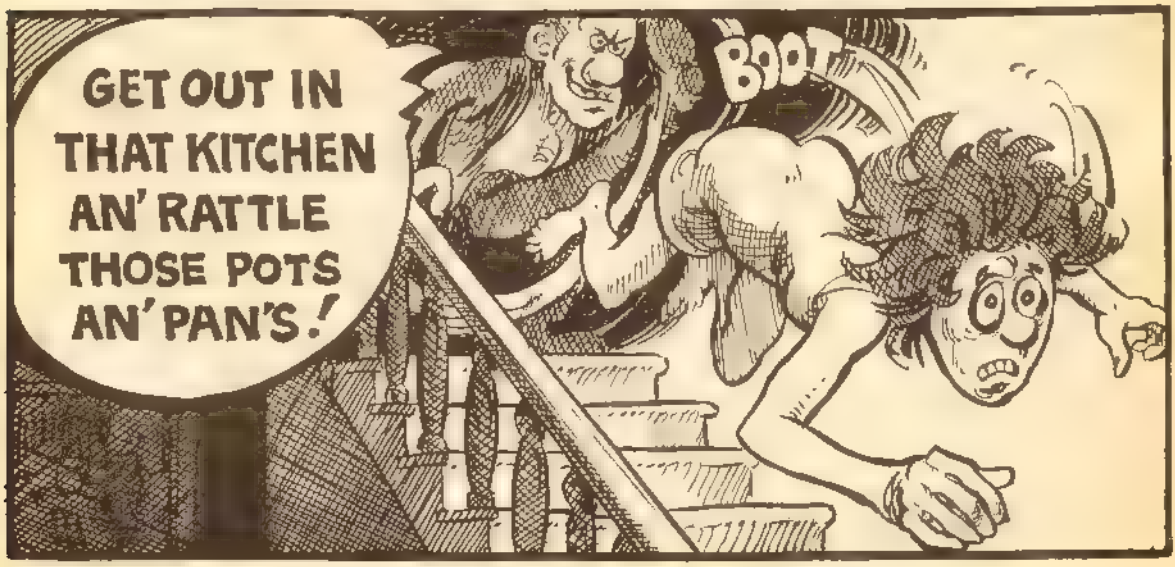

HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME?
WOMAN'S LIBERATION


SO THIS IS WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON!
PLEASE MELVIN I CAN EXPLAIN


I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, YOU..YOU HOME WRECKER!
BOOT

LAZY DISGUSTING GOOD FOR NOTHING COMMIE QUEER!
WHAP WHAP WHAP WHAP

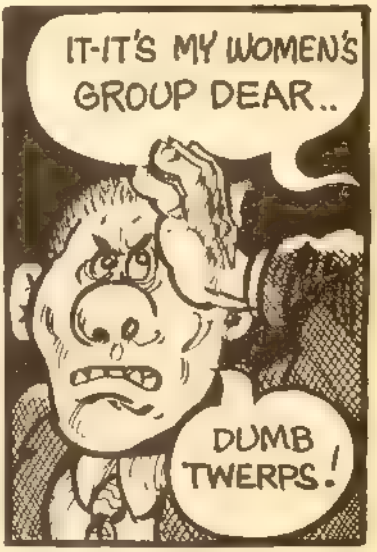

YOUR TROUBLE IS YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WELL OFF!
NOW, I'M GOING TO BURN THIS TRASH.. AND AS FOR YOU...
GASP


GET OUT IN THAT KITCHEN AN' RATTLE THOSE POTS AN' PAN'S!
BOOT

AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, ANSWER THE DOOR!
BUMP
THUNK
GLUNK
BASH
CRASH
DING DONG

GOD DAMN WOMEN! TRY TO BE GOOD TO 'EM AND WHERE DOES IT GET YA?

WELL? WHO IS IT?

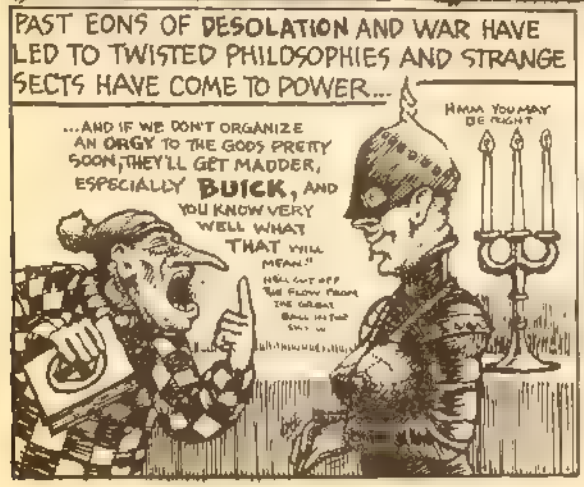

IT-IT'S MY WOMEN'S GROUP DEAR..
DUMB TWERPS!

THEY WANT TO COME UP AND TALK TO YOU

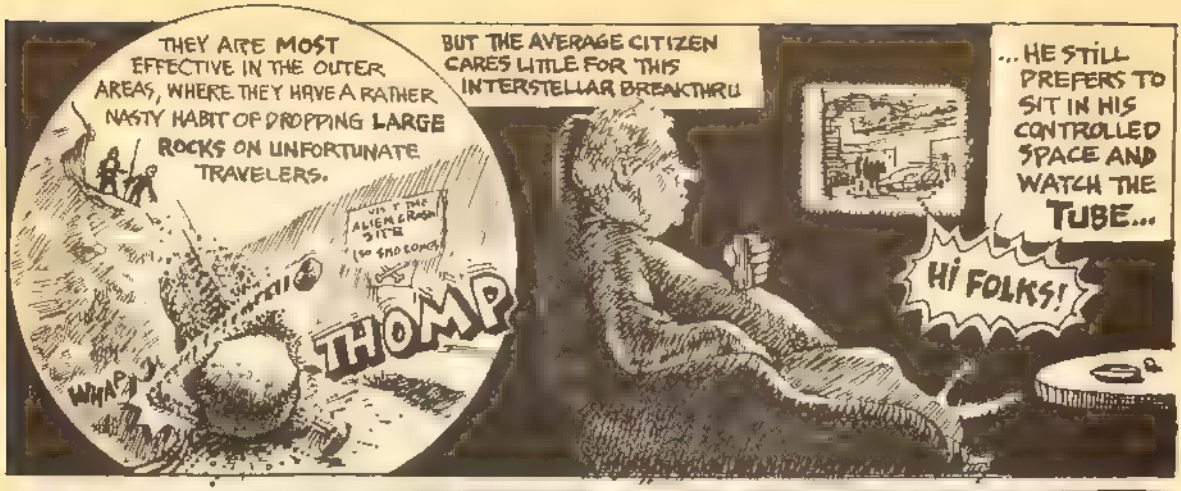
THE YEAR IS...

3711

© DAVE SHERIDAN '74



BUT AFTER A FEW YEARS THEY ADAPTED TO EARTH, AND THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CACHE OF WEAPONS GAVE THEM SOME POWER...

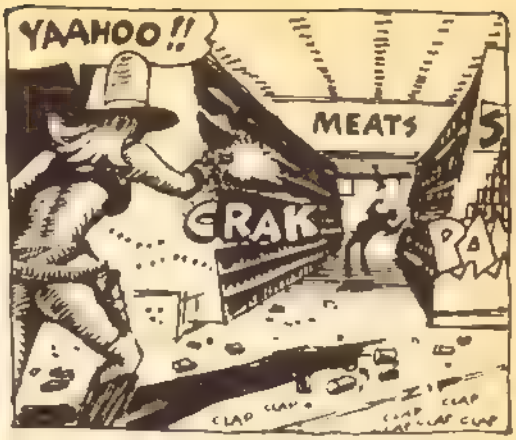

THEY ARE MOST EFFECTIVE IN THE OUTER AREAS, WHERE THEY HAVE A RATHER NASTY HABIT OF DROPPING LARGE ROCKS ON UNFORTUNATE TRAVELERS.
THOMP
WHAP
BUT THE AVERAGE CITIZEN CARES LITTLE FOR THIS INTERSTELLAR BREAKTHRU
...HE STILL PREFERS TO SIT IN HIS CONTROLLED SPACE AND WATCH THE TUBE...
HI FOLKS!

WELCOME TO... SUPERMARKET SHOOT-OUT!
AND OUR FIRST CONTESTANTS TONIGHT ARE JEAN AND BOB GIRLCHT

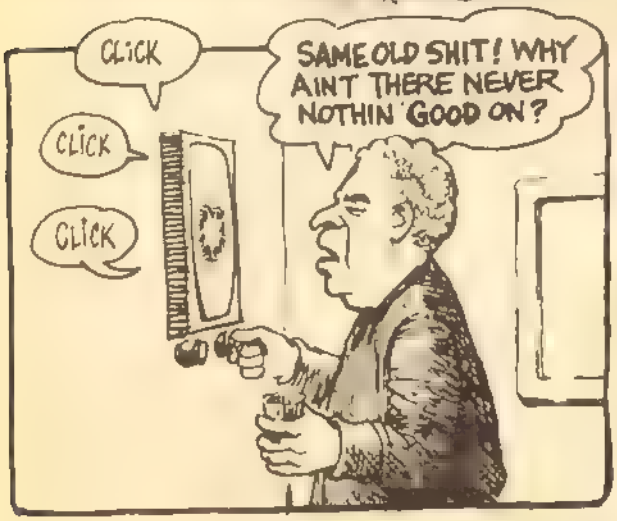
...YOU'LL BE ISSUED THESE GORGEOUS Z-4 Atherton THERMAL ELIMINATORS!!
...THEN YOU AND YOUR LOVELY WIFE WILL ENTER OUR SIMULATED FOOD CENTER WHERE...

...YOU'LL BE PITTED AGAINST LAST WEEKS SURVIVING CONTESTANTS FOR TONIGHT'S GRAND PRIZE... 13,000 FOOD CREDITS!!! OK! YOU ALL KNOW THE RULES!! GO TO YOUR POSITIONS AND, WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON,... START SHOOTING!!
OBOY!!

GO!
BRAZZ


YAAHOO!!
MEATS
CRAK
PA
CLAP CLAP

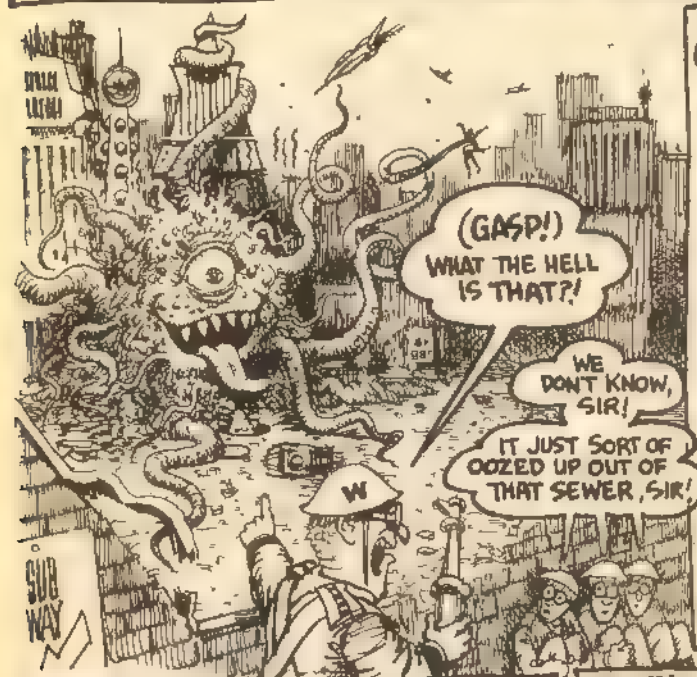
KRAK
CHWOK
KAZZIII
BLUP!
POW
BUDDADA
BUDDAD
BAM
BAM
BAM

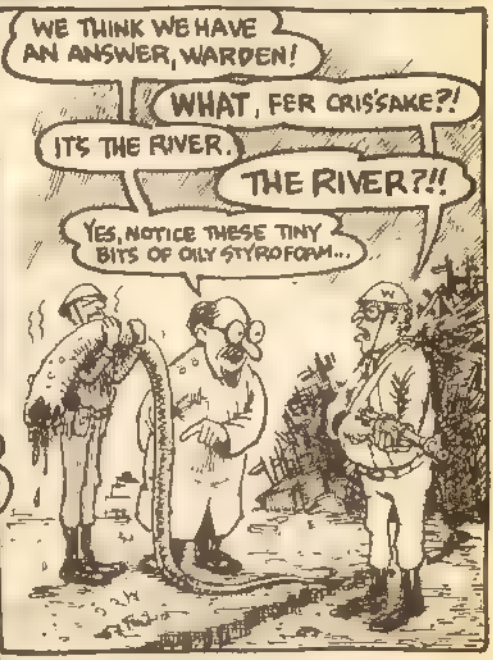

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
SAME OLD SHIT! WHY AINT THERE NEVER NOTHIN GOOD ON?

SOMEWHERE NOT FAR AWAY
SIR! WE JUST RECEIVED THIS REPORT FROM THE URBAN CATASTROPHY UNIT!
ALERT ALL SECTOR WARDENS!

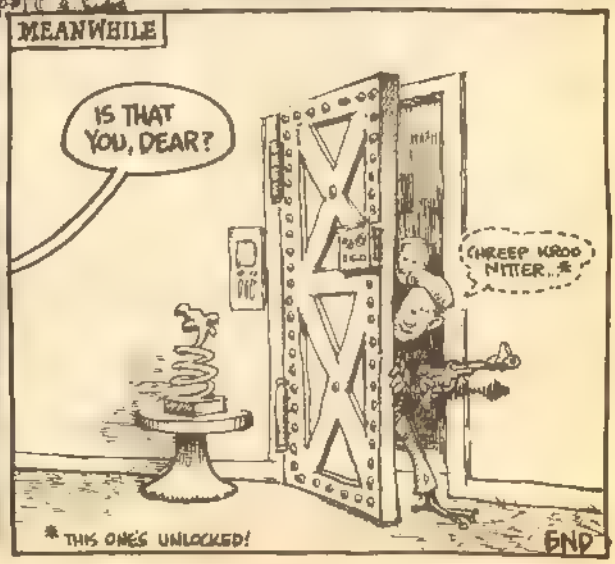
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DEAR?
SECTOR TWO, SOME KINDA 'MERGENCY!

ARE ALL YOU GUYS GOIN' TO SECTOR TWO TOO?
ANYBODY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
YESSIR!!
NOSIR!!


(GASP!) WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!
WE DON'T KNOW, SIR!
IT JUST SORT OF OOZED UP OUT OF THAT SEWER, SIR!
SUB WAY


WE THINK WE HAVE AN ANSWER, WARDEN!
WHAT, FER CRIS'SAKE?!
IT'S THE RIVER.
THE RIVER?!!
YES, NOTICE THESE TINY BITS OF OILY STYROFOAM...

HOW DO WE STOP A RIVER?!!
DAMN IF I KNOW, SIR!
BZZAP
BZZAP
GURGLE
PLOP
SLITHER


MEANWHILE
IS THAT YOU, DEAR?
CHREEP KRDO NITTER...*
* THIS ONE'S UNLOCKED!
END

THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

BY TED RICHARDS

TODAY THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE FINDS HIMSELF WITH A LITTLE EXTRA TIME ON HIS HANDS SO HE DECIDES TO BURN-OUT AT THE **CATHARSIS COFFEEHOUSE**.

MIND IF I SIT HERE? KINDA CROWDED HUH? BUT IT'S **COOL**... MY HOROSCOPE SAID GET **OUTSIDE** TAKE A **WALK**. MEET **PEOPLE**!

OH SURE.

AN HOUR LATER.

ANOTHER **REFILL**... THANKS.

HEY CHECK THIS OUT IN TH' PAPER! THE **CIA** CLAIMS IT TOLD TH' **FBI EVERYTHING** ABOUT **J.F.K'S** ASSASSINATION HA HA HA WHAT A **JOKE**. YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE TH' VARNISH ON THESE TABLES ..TOO PLASTIC OR SOMETHIN'.

TWO HOURS LATER

YOHAHN! YOU OL' **ACID HEAD!** WHAT'S HAPPENIN'? EVER GET YOUR **A.T.D. CHECK**? I GOT MINE BUT I **BLEW IT** ON SOME DYNAMITE **THAI STICKS**. I ENDED UP SMOKIN' 'EM ALL UP MYSELF! **GREEDY** AIN'T I? HOW'S STONEY DOIN'? SHE EVER TAKE THAT CLASS ON BELLY DANCIN'? I WAS THINKIN' OF TAKIN' IT MYSELF.

ANOTHER **REFILL!**

THREE HOURS LATER

BUT THAT AINT HALF OF IT! WHEN I WAS KICKED OUT OF SCHOOL FOR BEING HYPERACTIVE--DIG IT- I WAS ON DIET PILLS! **1959** IT WAS!! '59 WAS EISENHOWER! I STILL HAVE IMAGES!

ANOTHER **REFILL!**

HUH?! WHAT?!

I'M SORRY, BUT I THINK YOU'VE HAD **ENOUGH!**

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BUT I ONLY HAD EIGHT REFILLS WHICH AINT MUCH CONSIDERING THE BREAD TRIP. EVER BAKE BREAD I DID ONCE AND IT TASTED DUPSI WHT BUT YOU JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT IS AND THE [illegible]

LOOK. JUST TAKE IT **EASY** WALK IT OFF. GO **HOME** READ A **BOOK**... **RELAX** YOU'LL BE **O.K.**

THE CASEBOOK OF DOCTOR FEELGOOD BY FOOLBERT STURGEON

The GENIUSES

©1977 BILL GRIFFITH

WE'VE ALL MET THE SELF PROCLAIMED GENIUS. HE'S CONVINCED THE WORLD WILL ONE DAY RECOGNIZE HIS GREAT MIND — ONLY TROUBLE IS, HIS PARTICULAR AREA OF ACCOMPLISHMENT IS RATHER DIFFICULT TO PINPOINT —

BERGMAN? MAILER? MUHAMMED ALI??.. MERE HACKS!! WHY.. I'VE GOT IDEAS FOR TELEVISION COMEDIES, FOR INSTANCE, THAT'LL PUT NORMAN LEAR RIGHT OUT OF BUSINESS!!

AND BACK IN JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL, WHO CAN FORGET THE MATH GENIUS WHO CARRIED HIS BOOKS LIKE A GIRL...

WHADJA GET ON TH' ALGEBRA TEST TODAY, HUH, YA BRAIN!!

A HUNDRED-

OW!!

THE PRIMITIVE GENIUS MAY PRODUCE GREAT WORK, BUT HIS INABILITY TO COPE WITH DAY-TO-DAY LIVING IS OFTEN STAGGERING —

AN ARTIST, EH? AND HE RENTED NUMBER NINE FOR THE WEEKEND?

YEH.. I CASHED HIS WELFARE CHECK FOR HIM, TOO -- IN QUARTERS HE'S PUMPIN 'EM INTO TH' VIBRATOR BED!!

$225.00 WORTH!

MOTEL

ON SPEED

THE MISDIRECTED GENIUS APPLIES ENORMOUS SKILL AND ENERGY TO QUESTIONABLY USEFUL PROJECTS . . .

WHAT DOES IT DO AGAIN, LESTER??

IT CHANGES ORDINARY DOG BISCUITS INTO INDIA INK!!!

PITY BABY EINSTEIN'S POOR MOM 'N POP...

OH, BY THE WAY, I MADE A FEW MISCALCULATIONS TODAY ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND LOST THE ENTIRE FAMILY FORTUNE..

SORRY

...EAT YOUR PORRIDGE..

THE HOG OF STEEL

WONDER WART-HOG IN "EPIDEMIC!"

GASP! CHOKE! EVERYONE IS DEATHLY ILL!!

EVERYBODY BUT THAT ONE MAN OVER THERE!

WHY ISN'T HE SICK, TOO?

MAYBE IT'S HIS FAULT!

IT HAS BEEN MANY, MANY YEARS SINCE THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THAT DREADED FOURTH HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE, PESTILENCE! IT WOULD SEEM THAT MODERN MEDICINE HAS BEEN ABLE TO CONQUER THOSE DISEASES THAT USED TO SPREAD THROUGH ENTIRE POPULATIONS LIKE BRUSH FIRES. SO WHY ARE PEOPLE DROPPING LIKE FLIES ON THE STREETS OF MUTHALODE, AND ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AS WELL? BUT WE ARE GETTING AHEAD OF OUR STORY! LET'S GO BACK TO THE BEGINNING...

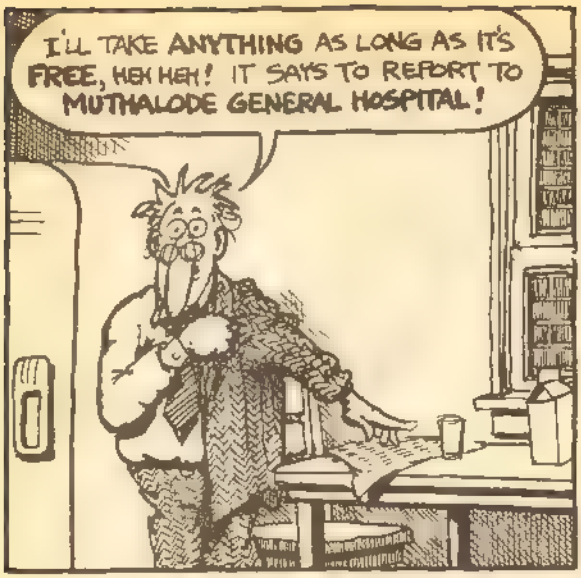
CAPTIVE LIGHT © 1976 BY GILBERT SHELTON

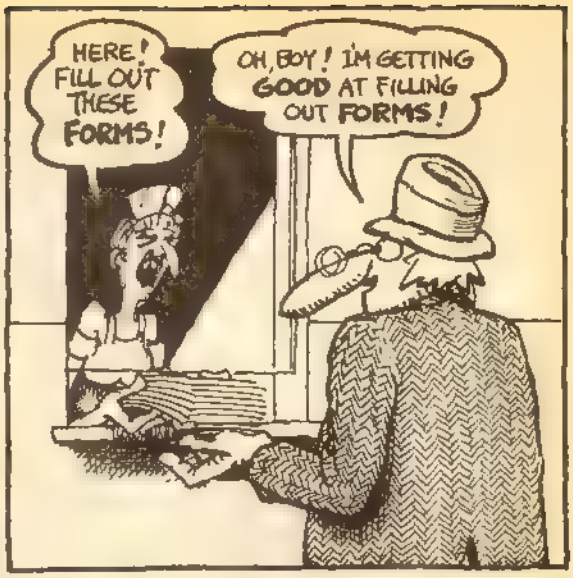
PHILBERT DESANEX, ERSTWHILE EMPLOYEE OF THE MUTHALODE MORNING MYOPIC AND ALTER IDENTITY OF OUR FEARLESS, FIGHTING, FOULMOUTHED WONDER WART-HOG, SITS IN HIS TINY APARTMENT.

(SIGH) I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO BEING A WARD OF THE STATE! THERE JUST AREN'T ANY JOBS TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE!

HOWEVER, THERE DO SEEM TO BE SOME UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITIES AVAILABLE TO US UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS OF FREE ENTERPRISE!

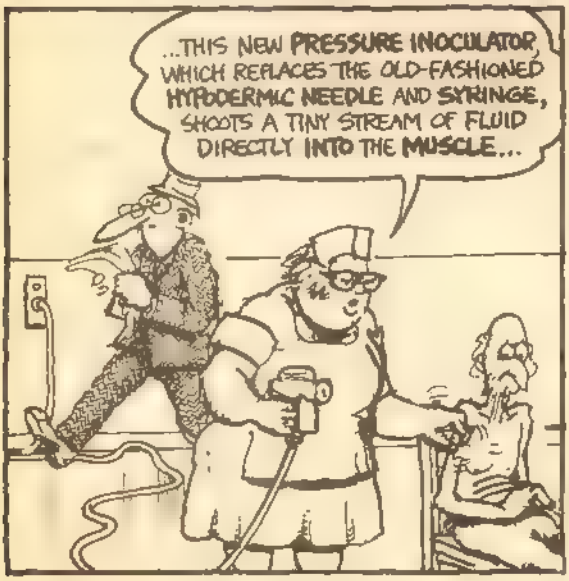
ESPECIALLY HERE UNDER "FREE GOVERNMENT HEALTH SERVICES!"

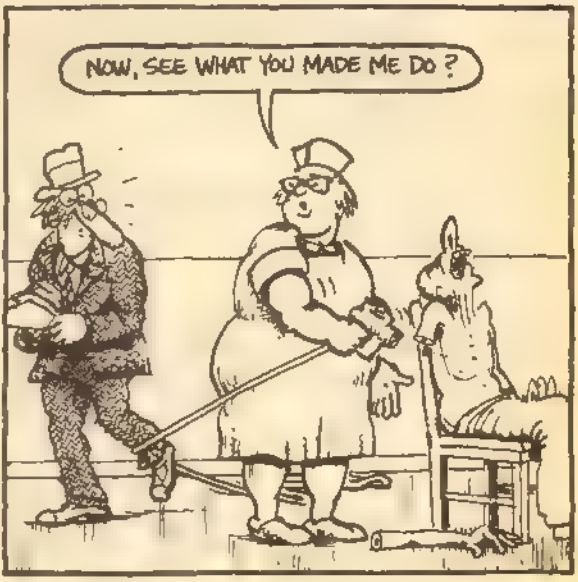

I'LL TAKE ANYTHING AS LONG AS IT'S FREE, HEH HEH! IT SAYS TO REPORT TO MUTHALODE GENERAL HOSPITAL!

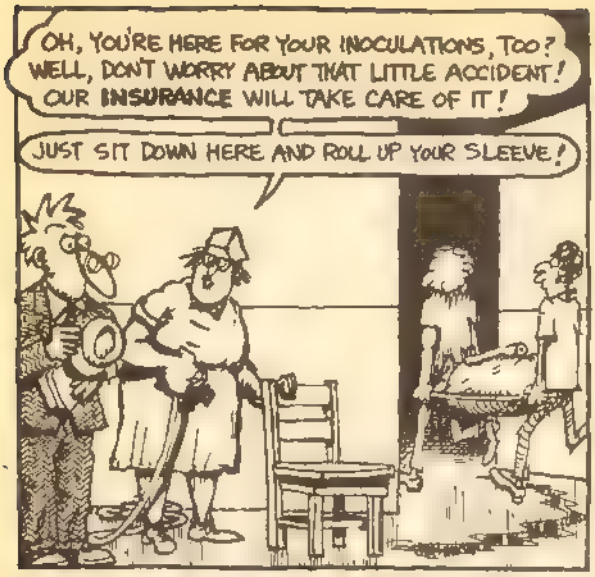

HERE! FILL OUT THESE FORMS!
OH, BOY! I'M GETTING GOOD AT FILLING OUT FORMS!

... BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS LEGALESE IN THE FINE PRINT AT THE BOTTOM! I'M NOT A LAWYER!
IT'S MERELY A WAIVER OF ANY CLAIMS YOU MAY HAVE AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, MR. DESANEX!

THE GOVERNMENT FEELS THAT WELFARE RECIPIENTS SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT SOMETHING THEY'RE GETTING FOR FREE!
NOW, DOWN THAT HALLWAY FOR YOUR INOCULATIONS!
ER, UH. SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!


...THIS NEW PRESSURE INOCULATOR, WHICH REPLACES THE OLD-FASHIONED HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND SYRINGE, SHOOTS A TINY STREAM OF FLUID DIRECTLY INTO THE MUSCLE...


NOW, SEE WHAT YOU MADE ME DO?

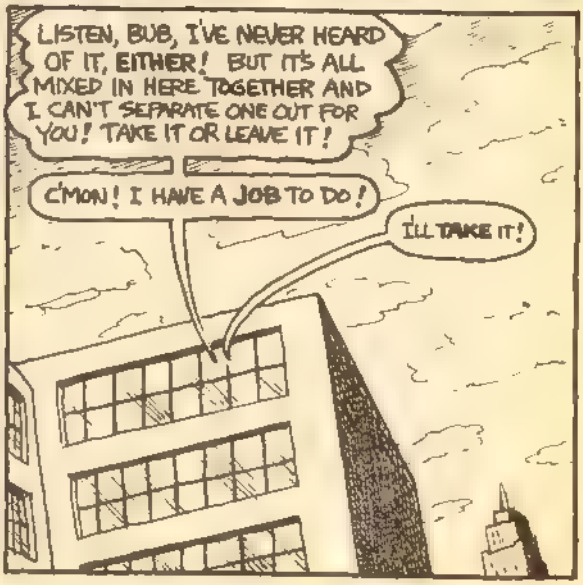

OH, YOU'RE HERE FOR YOUR INOCULATIONS, TOO? WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT LITTLE ACCIDENT! OUR INSURANCE WILL TAKE CARE OF IT!
JUST SIT DOWN HERE AND ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVE!

IS THIS WHERE YOU ALWAYS DO THIS? OUT IN THE HALL?
MUTHALODE GENERAL HOSPITAL IS TOO CROWDED TO GIVE OUR AGENCY AN OFFICE OF OUR OWN!

WHAT KIND OF SHOT ARE YOU ABOUT TO GIVE ME, BY THE WAY?
THIS WEEK WE ARE INOCULATING AGAINST MOON DISEASE, CREEPING SPANEMIA, HEBRIDES CATARRH, THE SKREIGH, FLOCCULENCE,...

..ALSO TASMANIAN GRIPPE, PASSAMAQUODDY SYNDROME AND SWINE FEVER!

SWINE FEVER? I NEVER HEARD OF THAT ONE!
(WHO KNOWS HOW THAT MIGHT AFFECT WONDER WART-HOG!)


LISTEN, BUB, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF IT, EITHER! BUT IT'S ALL MIXED IN HERE TOGETHER AND I CAN'T SEPARATE ONE OUT FOR YOU! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!
C'MON! I HAVE A JOB TO DO!
I'LL TAKE IT!

NATURALLY, THE PRESSURE INOCULATOR IS UNABLE TO PENETRATE THE THICK HIDE OF WONDER WART-HOG.

Bendix MASS INOC

HISSSSS

HIS THIN, OUTER LAYER OF PHILBERT DESANEX DISGUISE, HOWEVER, IS PARTIALLY BLOWN AWAY BY THE SHOT.

FOP

OH, MY GOD! I'VE SEEN SOME **GRUESOME SIDE EFFECTS** IN MY CAREER, BUT THIS CERTAINLY PUTS THE ICING ON THE CAKE!

THUD!

YOU SHOULDN'T BE IN YOUR PROFESSION IF YOU CAN'T STAND HORRIBLE SIGHTS!

CAN'T THE GOVERNMENT DO **ANYTHING** WITHOUT **SCREWING UP**? I SWEAR! FORTUNATELY, WONDER WART-HOG IS NATURALLY **IMMUNE** TO **ALL KNOWN DISEASES** SO I DON'T **NEED** INOCULATIONS!

SNORT! HUFF.

MUTHALOCK GENERAL HOSPITAL

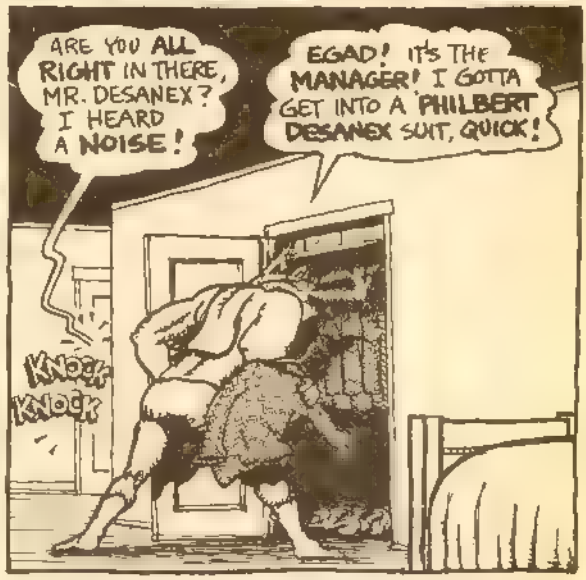
BACK IN THE HOSPITAL, THE PRESSURE INOCULATOR CONTINUES TO SPEW FORTH ITS VIRULENT CONTENTS.

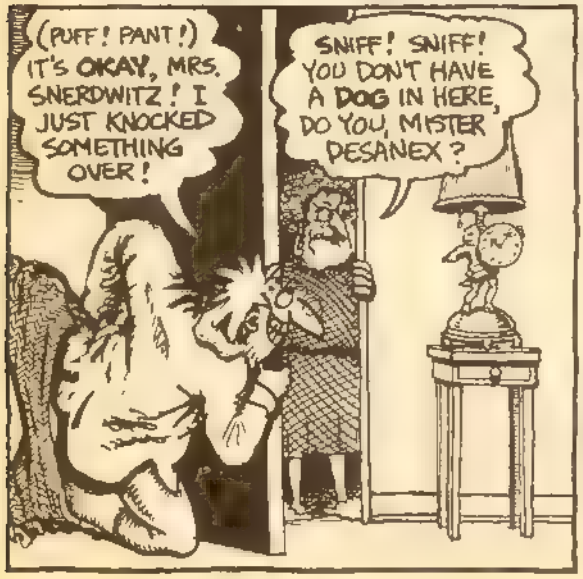
BLBLBLBLBL

(GRUMBLE! GRIPE!) I JUST HOPE NOBODY SAW WHAT HAPPENED! MY SECRET ALTER-IDENTITY WOULD BE REVEALED TO THE WORLD!

AW, DAMN IT, I THREW AWAY THE KEYS TO PHILBERT DESANEX'S APARTMENT WHEN I DISPOSED OF THE RUINED SUIT!
I'LL HAVE TO FLY DOWN THE AIR SHAFT.

CRASH
TINKLE
THUMP
RATTLE
BONK


ARE YOU ALL RIGHT IN THERE, MR. DESANEX? I HEARD A NOISE!
EGAD! IT'S THE MANAGER! I GOTTA GET INTO A PHILBERT DESANEX SUIT, QUICK!
KNOCK KNOCK


(PUFF! PANT!) IT'S OKAY, MRS. SNERDWITZ! I JUST KNOCKED SOMETHING OVER!
SNIFF! SNIFF! YOU DON'T HAVE A DOG IN HERE, DO YOU, MISTER DESANEX?

WONDER WART-HOG'S SECRET IS SAFE FOR NOW, BUT BACK AT MUTHALODE HOSPITAL, THINGS ARE NOT SO GOOD.
GACK!
BLORCH!
MOAN!
(WHEEZE)
EXPIRE

A CLOUD OF **ACTIVE VIRUS** HAS BEEN UNWITTINGLY RELEASED BY THE GOVERNMENT INOCULATION CENTER! HOW COULD THIS HORRIBLE THING HAVE COME ABOUT?

TO FULLY EXPLAIN, WE MUST GO BACK TO A CERTAIN MEETING OF IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT BUREAUCRATS.

THE **FEDERAL BUREAU OF DISEASES** IS GOING TO BE IN **REAL TROUBLE** PRETTY SOON!

WHY IS **THAT**?

CONGRESS IS GOING TO **CUT OUR BUDGET** BECAUSE WE DIDN'T SPEND MORE MONEY **LAST YEAR** THAN WE SPENT THE YEAR **BEFORE**!

OH **NO**! WE'LL ALL LOSE OUR **JOBS**!

HERE'S THE PROBLEM! WE SEEM TO HAVE VIRTUALLY **WIPED OUT** ALL COMMUNICABLE DISEASES IN THE UNITED STATES!

WE'LL HAVE TO **IMPORT** SOME!

DISEASES

WE'LL SEND OFF FOR SOME REALLY DISGUSTING-SOUNDING AFFLICTIONS FROM THE REMOTER AREAS OF THE PLANET!

JUST ENOUGH TO CAUSE A FEW ISOLATED CASES! OUR **P.R.** DEPARTMENT WILL TAKE IT FROM THERE!

FLIP

FLIP FLIP

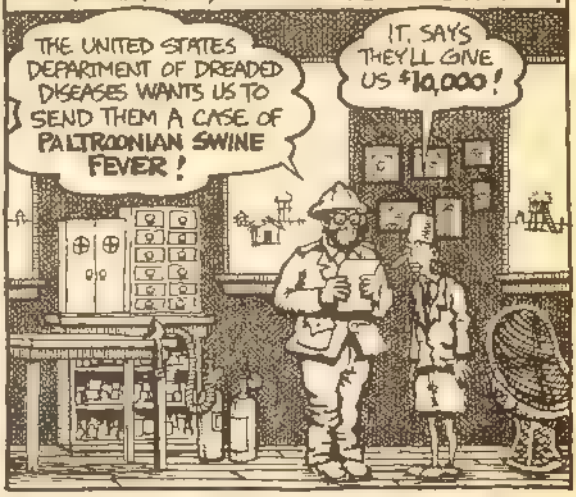
HERE'S A GOOD ONE! **POLTROONIAN SWINE FEVER!** BOY, **THAT** SOUNDS LIKE A REPULSIVE AILMENT!

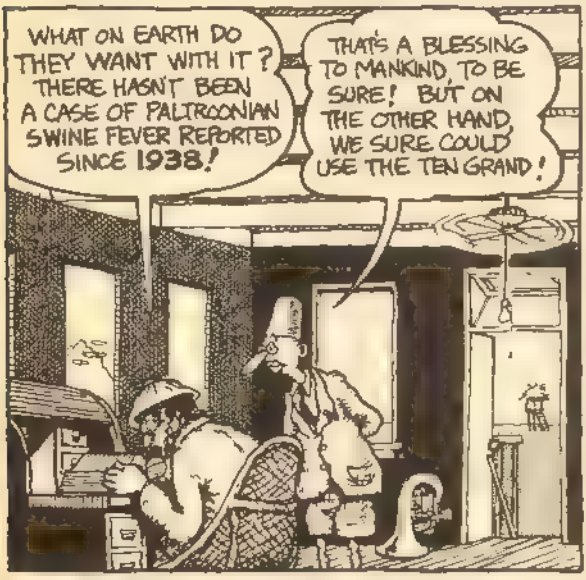
I'LL SEND TO POLTROONIA FOR A **SAMPLE**!

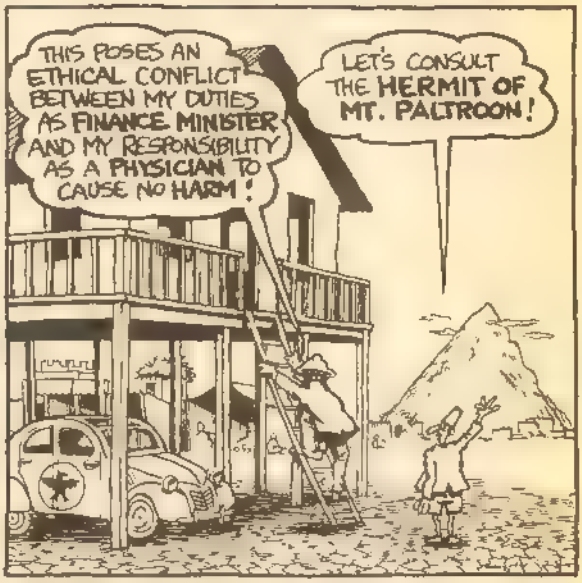
HRUMPH!

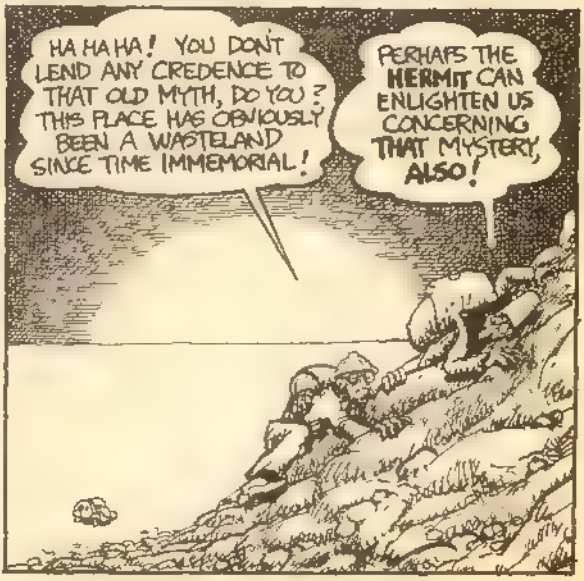
THE REPUBLIC OF PÄLTROONIA: LANDLOCKED, ARID, AND BARREN, AND HOME OF THE LOATHSOME SWINE FEVER.

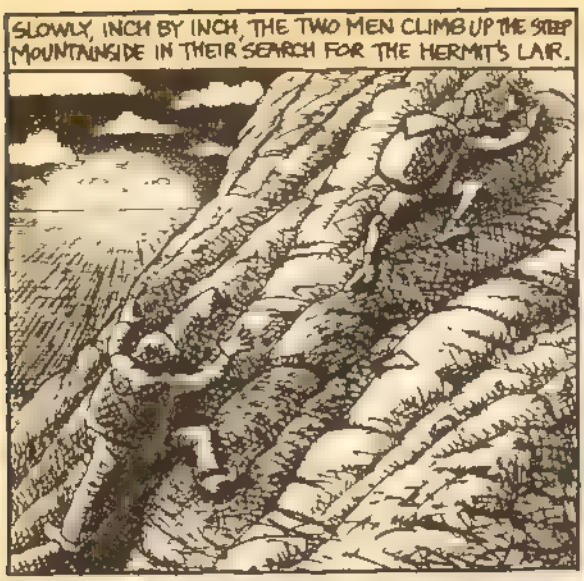
THE SURGEON-GENERAL (WHO IS ALSO THE FINANCE MINISTER, SYMPHONY DIRECTOR, AND CHIEF OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT) RECEIVES A CURIOUS REQUEST.



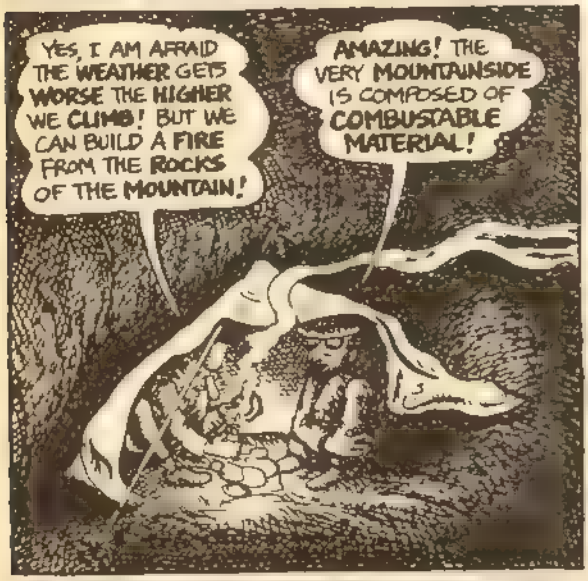




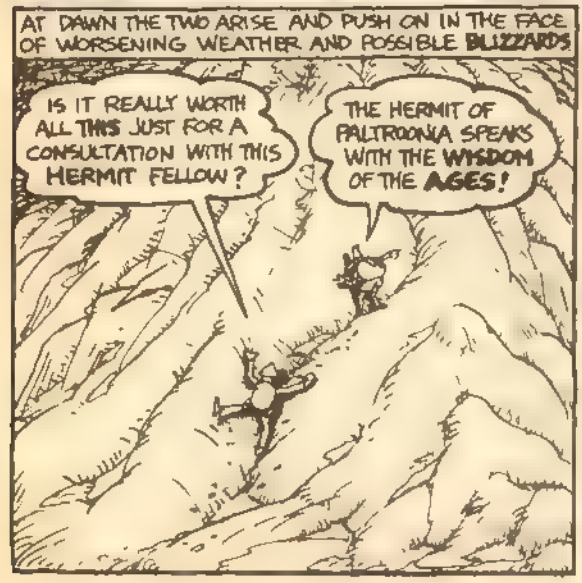



SLOWLY, INCH BY INCH, THE TWO MEN CLIMB UP THE STEEP MOUNTAINSIDE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE HERMIT'S LAIR.

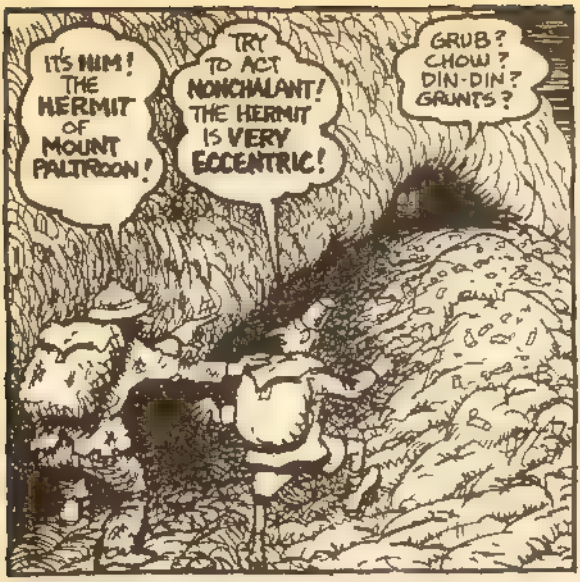
THEY ARE OVERTAKEN BY DARKNESS WHILE STILL SOME DISTANCE BELOW THE UPPER REACHES OF THE MOUNTAIN.
WE'LL HAVE TO CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT!
THAT'S QUITE A BREEZE SPRINGING UP!


YES, I AM AFRAID THE WEATHER GETS WORSE THE HIGHER WE CLIMB! BUT WE CAN BUILD A FIRE FROM THE ROCKS OF THE MOUNTAIN!
AMAZING! THE VERY MOUNTAINSIDE IS COMPOSED OF COMBUSTABLE MATERIAL!

THE ANCIENT LEGEND SAYS THAT THIS MOUNTAIN WAS FORMED AT THE TIME OF THE GREAT DISASTER, WHEN ALL LIFE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED IN PALTROONIA!
DOES IT, NOW?


AT DAWN THE TWO ARISE AND PUSH ON IN THE FACE OF WORSENING WEATHER AND POSSIBLE BLIZZARDS
IS IT REALLY WORTH ALL THIS JUST FOR A CONSULTATION WITH THIS HERMIT FELLOW?
THE HERMIT OF PALTROONIA SPEAKS WITH THE WISDOM OF THE AGES!

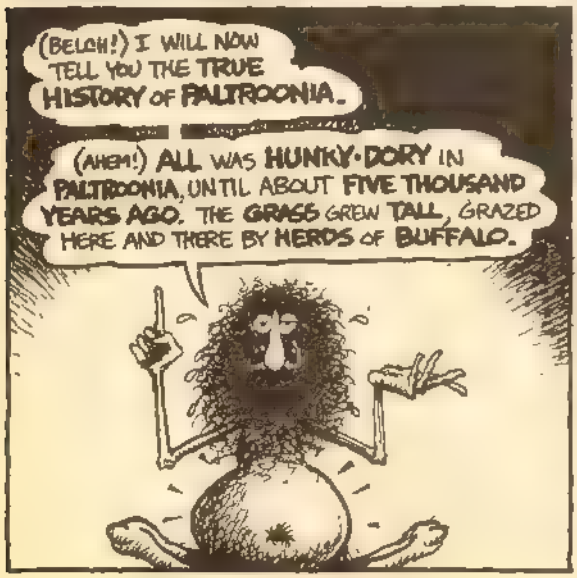
(SOMETIMES HE SPEAKS IN PUZZLING METAPHORS, HOWEVER!)
OH, GOODY! COMPANY! I HOPE YOU HAVE LOTS OF THINGS TO EAT!


IT'S HIM! THE HERMIT OF MOUNT PALTROON!
TRY TO ACT NONCHALANT! THE HERMIT IS VERY ECCENTRIC!
GRUB? CHOW? DIN-DIN? GRUNTS?

IF YOU WANT WORDS OF WISDOM, YOU'D BETTER COME UP WITH SOME FOOD!
GOOD LORD! (GASP!!)

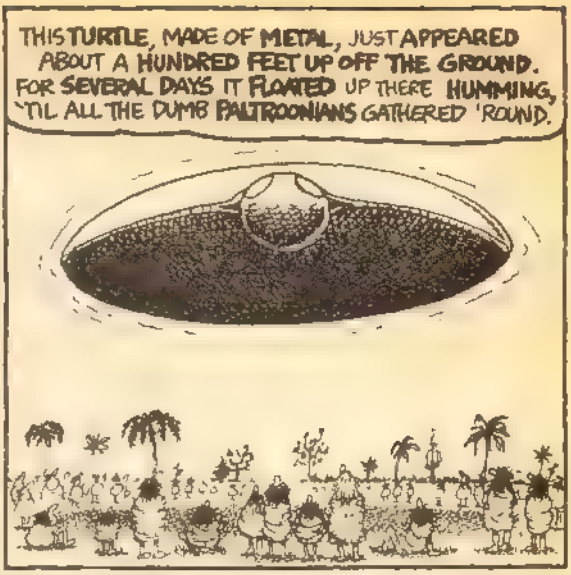
OH BOY! CANNED PEACHES! (GULP!)
HOT DAMN! DRIED CHICKEN SOUP! (GLORP!)
GOODNESS ME! A CASHEW BAR! (SMACK!)
OH MY MY MY! CANNED DRINKING WATER! (SLURP!)

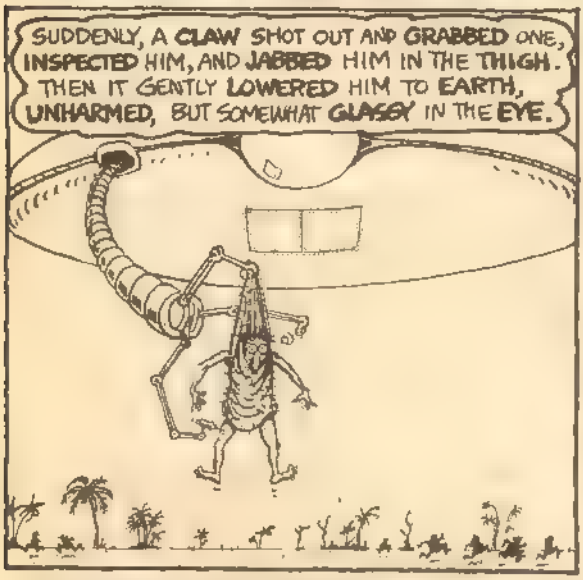
GOODY GOODY! SOME SALT AND PEPPER! (GLOCK! GLOCK!) WHOOPIE! A LEATHER POUCH FULL OF STUFF! (GULP! SWALLOW!) OH JOY! A ROLL OF NICE SOFT WHITE PAPER! (RIP! CHEW!) NOTHING ELSE TO EAT? WELL, YOU WON'T NEED THIS KNAPSACK ANY LONGER! (EAT! GLORCH!)


(BELCH!) I WILL NOW TELL YOU THE TRUE HISTORY OF PALTROONIA.
(AHEM!) ALL WAS HUNKY-DORY IN PALTROONIA, UNTIL ABOUT FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO. THE GRASS GREW TALL, GRAZED HERE AND THERE BY HERDS OF BUFFALO.

BUFFALOS WERE EVERYWHERE, AND ALL YOU HAD TO DO TO DINE, WAS WALK UP TO A BUFFALO AND LASSO IT WITH GRASS-STALK TWINE. PLANTS AND ANIMALS DID THRIVE AND MEN ALL DRESSED IN MOHAIR, UNTIL THE FLYING TURTLE JUST APPEARED RIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE!!!
SNAP!

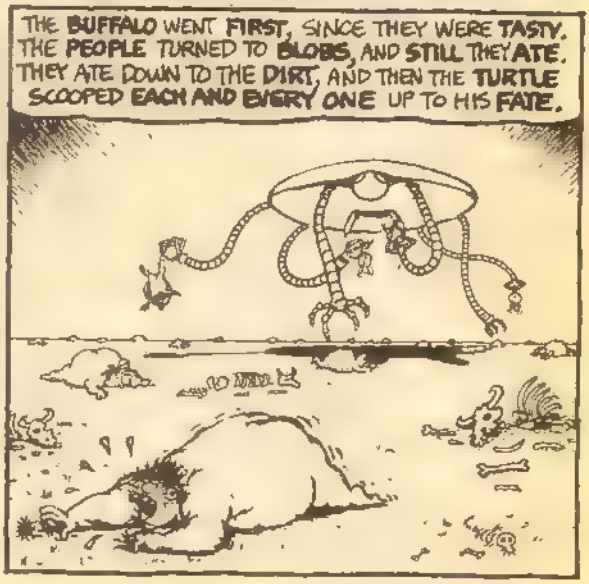
(FLYING TURTLE? HOW CAN I TAKE THIS MAN SERIOUSLY?)
(PERHAPS HE IS SPEAKING METAPHORICALLY!)
NO, I AM TELLING THE LITERAL TRUTH! NOW SHUT UP AND LISTEN!

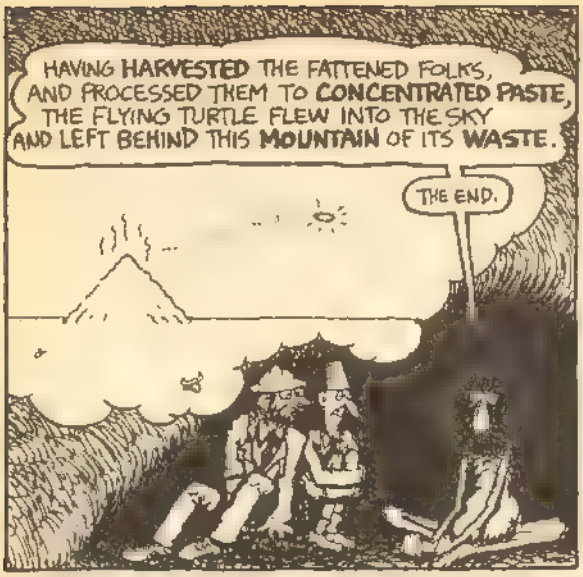

THIS TURTLE, MADE OF METAL, JUST APPEARED ABOUT A HUNDRED FEET UP OFF THE GROUND. FOR SEVERAL DAYS IT FLOATED UP THERE HUMMING, 'TIL ALL THE DUMB PALTROONIANS GATHERED 'ROUND.


SUDDENLY, A CLAW SHOT OUT AND GRABBED ONE, INSPECTED HIM, AND JABBED HIM IN THE THIGH. THEN IT GENTLY LOWERED HIM TO EARTH, UNHARMED, BUT SOMEWHAT GLASSY IN THE EYE.

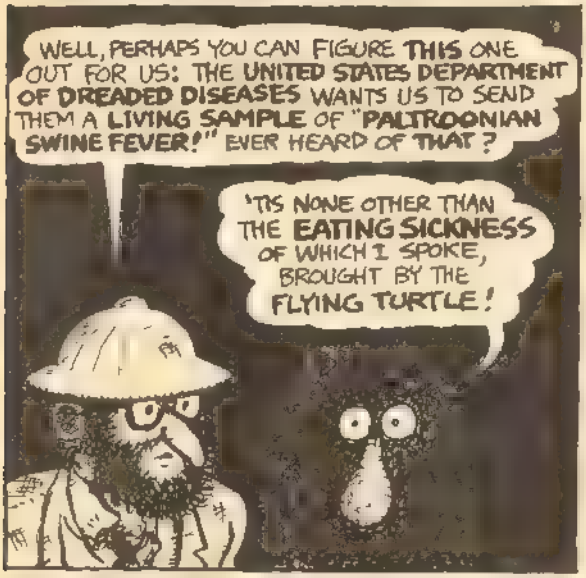
AND AT THAT POINT, THE RECENTLY FREED MAN WAS OVERCOME BY SUCH AN APPETITE!! HIS HUNGER MULTIPLIED A THOUSAND TIMES. HE STARTED EATING EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!

THE REST THOUGHT THIS WAS HUMOROUS AT FIRST: A HUMAN BEING WITH PIGLIKE EATING POWERS! BUT SOON THEY FOUND THAT THIS DISEASE WAS CATCHING. THEIR LAUGHTER TURNED TO BELCHES WITHIN HOURS.


THE BUFFALO WENT FIRST, SINCE THEY WERE TASTY. THE PEOPLE TURNED TO BLOBS, AND STILL THEY ATE. THEY ATE DOWN TO THE DIRT, AND THEN THE TURTLE SCOOPED EACH AND EVERY ONE UP TO HIS FATE.

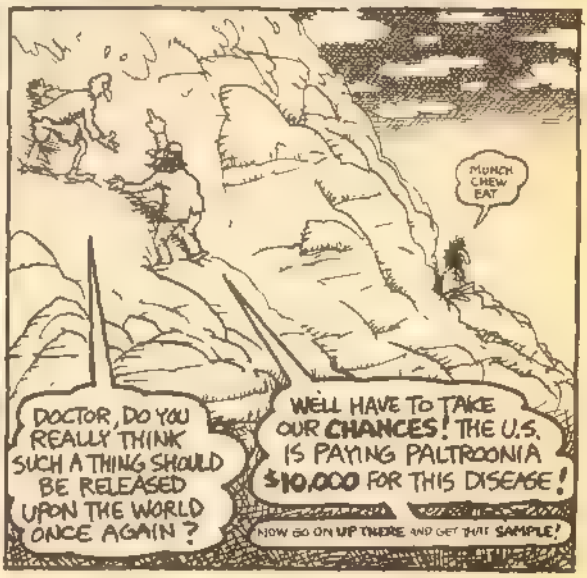

HAVING HARVESTED THE FATTENED FOLKS, AND PROCESSED THEM TO CONCENTRATED PASTE, THE FLYING TURTLE FLEW INTO THE SKY AND LEFT BEHIND THIS MOUNTAIN OF ITS WASTE.
THE END.

... YOU'RE SAYING A FLYING SAUCER CAME AND GATHERED UP ALL OF THE PEOPLE? HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL OF THIS?
THIS STORY HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY HUNDREDS OF GENERATIONS OF PALTROONIAN HERMITS!
WHATS A "SAUCER?"


WELL, PERHAPS YOU CAN FIGURE THIS ONE OUT FOR US: THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF DREADED DISEASES WANTS US TO SEND THEM A LIVING SAMPLE OF "PALTROONIAN SWINE FEVER!" EVER HEARD OF THAT?
'TIS NONE OTHER THAN THE EATING SICKNESS OF WHICH I SPOKE, BROUGHT BY THE FLYING TURTLE!

TO THIS VERY DAY, ANYONE WHO VENTURES TO THE VERY TOP OF MOUNT PALTROONIA WHERE THE GROUND IS PERPETUALLY FROZEN IS LIKELY TO COME DOWN WITH THE HUNGER!

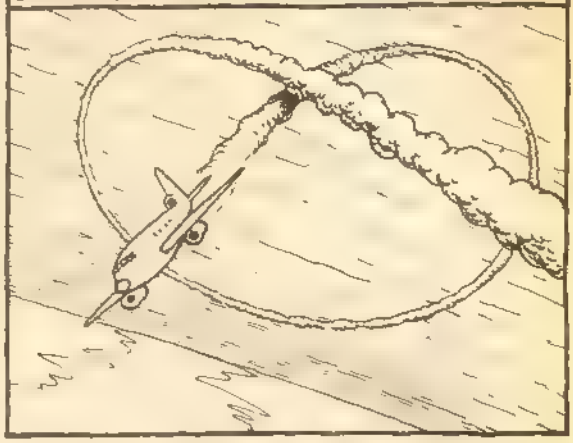
THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MR. HERMIT! YOUR STORIES HAVE BEEN VERY, ER, ENTERTAINING!
YOU'RE WELCOME! YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THESE HATS ON THE WAY DOWN, WILL YOU?


MUNCH CHEW EAT
DOCTOR, DO YOU REALLY THINK SUCH A THING SHOULD BE RELEASED UPON THE WORLD ONCE AGAIN?
WELL HAVE TO TAKE OUR CHANCES! THE U.S. IS PAYING PALTROONIA $10,000 FOR THIS DISEASE!
NOW GO ON UP THERE AND GET THAT SAMPLE!

TIME DOES NOT PERMIT US TO GO INTO VERY MUCH DETAIL CONCERNING THE MEANDERINGS OF THE DREADED **EATING DISEASE** (PALTROONIAN SWINE FEVER) ON IT'S WAY FROM THE COUNTRY OF ITS ORIGIN TOWARD THE CITY OF **MUTHALODE**, U.S.A.

...HOW THE DISEASE-CAUSING AGENT WAS **ISOLATED** AND **PURIFIED** BY PALTROONIAN SCIENTISTS USING THE **BEST** EQUIPMENT IN THE ENTIRE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF PALTROONIA.

...HOW THE SAMPLE, IN A SINGLE SMALL VIAL, WAS **LOST** IN A ROUTINE BAGGAGE MISPLACEMENT ON THE WAY TO THE U.S.A., SENT TO TIERRA DEL FUEGO BY MISTAKE, ONLY TO BE MIRACULOUSLY REROUTED BACK TO THE U.S. BY AN EVERYDAY COMPUTER ERROR...



...HOW, AT DULLES AIRPORT, THE VIAL, PLAINLY MARKED "CONFIDENTIAL," "HIGH PRIORITY" AND "EXTREMELY DANGEROUS," WAS MISTAKEN FOR A BOTTLE OF PERFUME AND WAS TAKEN OFF BY A STEWARDESS IN HER OVERNIGHT BAG...

...HOW THE VIAL WAS TRACKED DOWN BY THE MEN OF THE **F.B.I.**, **F.D.A.**, **D.E.A.**, **C.I.A.**, **F.A.A.**, **C.A.B.**, **A.B.C.**, **N.B.C.**, **C.B.S.**, AND **N.E.T.**, AND WAS THE OBJECT OF A FIERCE SEVEN-MONTH COURT BATTLE FOR LEGAL PUBLICITY BEFORE FINALLY ARRIVING AT THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF DREADFUL DISEASES...

...AND HOW THE CONTENTS OF THE VIAL, IN THE PROCESS OF BEING ATTENUATED INTO A VACCINE, ARE MISLABELED BY A NOVICE LAB TECHNICIAN WHO MISTAKES CUBIC CENTIMETERS FOR CUPFULS, RESULTING IN THE SENDING OF CONCENTRATED DOSES OF THE PATHOGEN TO THE INOCULATION CENTERS.

...AND HOW, YOU MIGHT RECALL, AN ENTIRE **CLOUD** OF THE STUFF WAS RELEASED THROUGH A WINDOW OF MUTHALODE GENERAL HOSPITAL, SO THAT **NOW**, FOR REASONS ENTIRELY UNSUSPECTED, EVERYONE'S **APPETITE** IS BEGINNING TO **STIR**...

UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE UNIVERSAL HUNGER, SOCIAL RESTRAINTS SOON BEGIN TO BREAK DOWN.

YOU'RE WASTING TIME PUTTING MONEY IN THIS MACHINE, BUDDY! IT'S EASIER TO GET STUFF LIKE THIS!

candy

CRASH

SUPERMARKETS ARE LOOTED...

RESTAURANTS INVADED BY RAVENOUS MOBS...

WAREHOUSES ARE RAIDED BY FRENZIED THRONGS AS THE LOCAL FOOD SUPPLY BEGINS TO RUN OUT...

ACME BIRDSEED

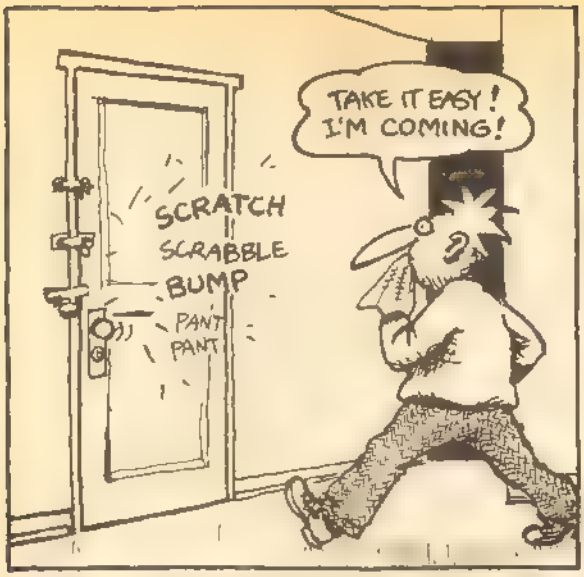
WHOLESALE

IMPORTERS OF OLIVE OIL

WITHIN A FEW HOURS, THE DISEASE HAS SPREAD TO EVERY CITIZEN OF MUTHALODE EXCEPT OUR OWN **PHILBERT DESANEX** (ALIAS **WONDER WART-HOG**) WHO IS NATURALLY IMMUNE TO EVERYTHING.

I THINK I'LL MAKE MYSELF A NICE CUP OF MINT TEA AND A BIT OF COTTAGE CHEESE ON A RITZ CRACKER.

GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE OUT IN THE HALLWAY?

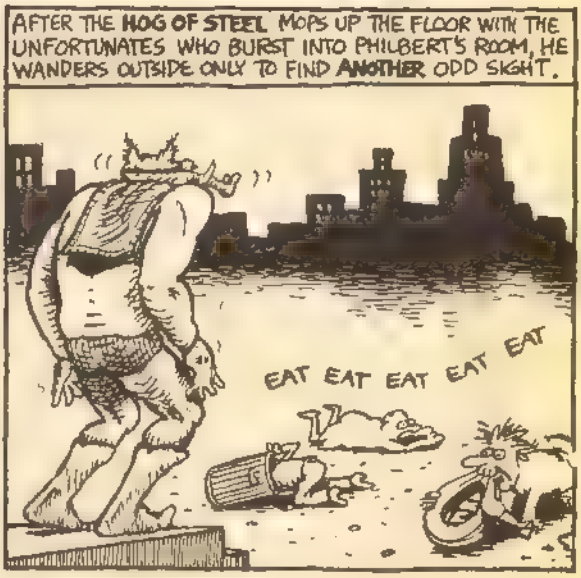

TAKE IT EASY! I'M COMING!
SCRATCH
SCRABBLE
BUMP
PANT PANT

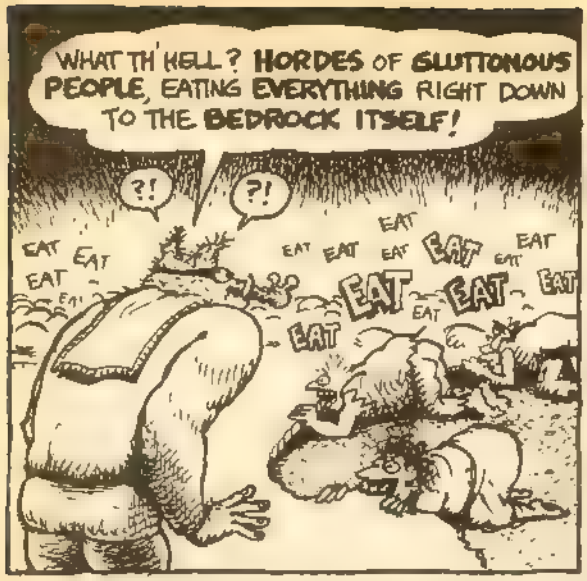
OH BOY! A REFRIGERATOR!
!
CRASH!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! YOU PEOPLE CAN'T JUST COME RUNNING IN HERE LIKE THIS! THIS IS MY APARTMENT!
SEE? IT SAYS "PHILBERT DESANEX" RIGHT HERE ON THE DOOR!

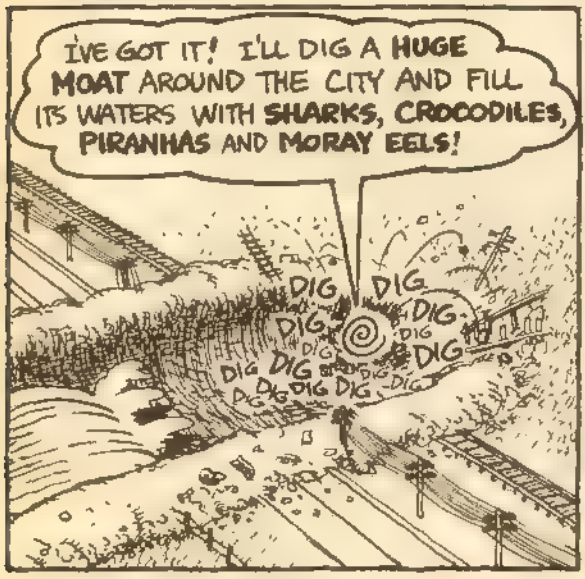
YOU DON'T BELIVE IN PHILBERT DESANEX'S RIGHT OF PRIVACY, HUH, PEOPLE?

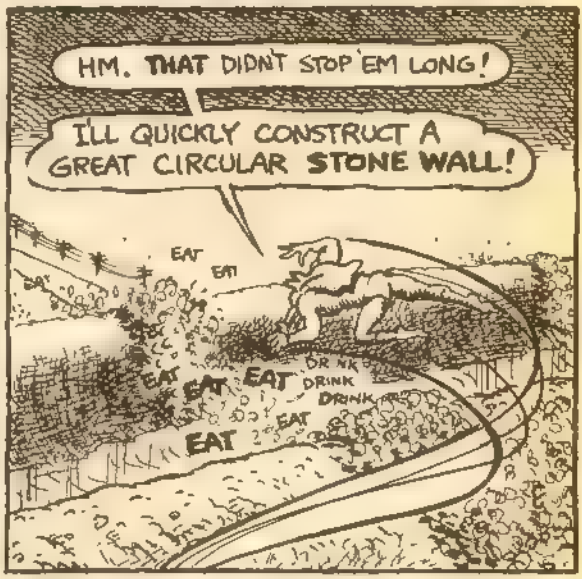
FLASH!
WELL, WOULD YOU BELIEVE WONDER WART-HOG?
RIP!
TEAR!
RIP!
RIP!
TINKLE!


AFTER THE HOG OF STEEL MOPS UP THE FLOOR WITH THE UNFORTUNATES WHO BURST INTO PHILBERT'S ROOM, HE WANDERS OUTSIDE ONLY TO FIND ANOTHER ODD SIGHT.
EAT EAT EAT EAT EAT


WHAT TH' HELL? HORDES OF GLUTTONOUS PEOPLE, EATING EVERYTHING RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEDROCK ITSELF!
?!
?!
EAT

THEY'RE SPREADING OUT FROM MUTHALODE LIKE A CLOUD OF LOCUSTS! HOW CAN I POSSIBLY STOP THEM?


I'VE GOT IT! I'LL DIG A HUGE MOAT AROUND THE CITY AND FILL ITS WATERS WITH SHARKS, CROCODILES, PIRANHAS AND MORAY EELS!
DIG


HM. THAT DIDN'T STOP 'EM LONG!
I'LL QUICKLY CONSTRUCT A GREAT CIRCULAR STONE WALL!
EAT
DRINK

THAT'S GOT 'EM, TEMPORARILY! BUT IT WILL ONLY BE A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL THEY START TO TURN ON ONE ANOTHER!

I'M GONNA NEED SOME HELP!
CLOUT
WHAT'S THIS? THE OMNIPOTENT WONDER WART-HOG CALLING FOR HELP? WHO IN THE WORLD DOES HE THINK COULD POSSIBLY HELP HIM NOW?

THE **HOG OF STEEL** FLIES OFF, BROADCASTING AN APPEAL.

IS THERE A **DOCTOR** IN THE HOUSE?

SCREECH WAIL SCREAM MOAN HOWL SHRIEK

I'M A DOCTOR! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN HELP THAT HUGE HORDE OF CRAZED PEOPLE!

YOU CAN WRITE A **PRESCRIPTION,** CAN'T YOU?

A PRESCRIPTION? FOR WHAT?

LET'S SEE, WE'LL NEED ABOUT **FOURTEEN AND A HALF TONS** OF THE VERY MOST POWERFUL SORT OF **DIET PILLS!**

HERE'S SEVENTY-EIGHT MILLION DOLLARS! THAT OUGHT TO COVER IT!

WONDER WART-HOG TAKES A CAPSULE FROM HIS UTILITY BELT AND PULLS OUT A QUANTITY OF THE POWERFUL SECRET WEAPON, **MONEY**

I'LL WRITE IT, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ONE **HELL** OF A TIME FINDING A **DRUG STORE** THAT CAN **FILL** IT!

DON'T YOU WORRY, DOC! ALL I NEED IS THE "SCRIP!"

WONDER WART-HOG ZIPS FROM PHARMACY TO PHARMACY, SLOWLY FILLING THE PRESCRIPTION.

BUT SIR, WE HAVE ONLY A FEW OUNCES OF THIS STUFF IN STOCK AT ANY ONE TIME!

WELL, JUST GIVE ME **ALL YOU HAVE** AND MAKE IT **SNAPPY,** BECAUSE I HAVE A **LOT** OF **STOPS** TO MAKE!

SALE 3 ¢

FOURTEEN AND A HALF TONS OF AMPHETAMINES IS A **LARGE** ORDER, BUT OUR PIG SOON HAS IT **ALL.**

??????

JUST SHUT UP AND GIVE ME ALL OF YOUR **PEP PILLS!**

UPPERS! GET IT?

HAVING COLLECTED VIRTUALLY EVERY EXISTING **DIET PILL** ON THE ENTIRE **PLANET**, THE HOG OF STEEL RETURNS TO WHAT IS LEFT OF THE CITY OF MUTHALODE.

HERE YOU ARE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! A LITTLE SOMETHING TO RELIEVE YOUR **HUNGER**!

THEIR APPETITES QUELLED, THE PEOPLE ALL FIND THEMSELVES FILLED WITH A **RESTLESS ENERGY**.

YOU COULD **REBUILD** THE RUINED CITY OF **MUTHALODE**! USE THESE NICE **STONES** THAT I BUILT THIS **WALL** WITH!

GREAT IDEA, WONDER WART-HOG! WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET ALL OF THESE BIG, NICELY FITTED STONES?

ELSEWHERE ON EARTH

TELL US! WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?

I... I **SOLD** IT TO A TALL FOREIGNER IN A RED AND GREEN SUIT, THINKING HIM TO BE AN AMERICAN TOURIST, FOR THE SUM OF $5000.00!

...AND HE TOOK IT **WITH** HIM!

THE PEOPLE ARE SO FILLED WITH ENERGY THAT THEY REBUILD THE CITY IN **ELEVEN DAYS**, AND IT LOOKS EVEN BETTER THAN BEFORE. BUT ELSEWHERE IN THE COUNTRY SIDE EFFECTS WERE TO APPEAR.

SEVERAL LARGE CITIES, INCLUDING NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, AND CHICAGO, NEARLY COLLAPSE DURING THE TEMPORARY WORLD SHORTAGE OF PEP PILLS, BUT ARE SAVED BY SPEEDY GOVERNMENT ACTION.

HELLO, THIS IS THE **SECRETARY OF HEALTH, EDUCATION, AND WELFARE**! I WANT YOU TO DUMP 50,000 TONS OF AMPHETAMINES IN THE L.A. WATER SUPPLY!

...AND ANOTHER **170,000** TONS TO BE SPRINKLED FROM **AIRPLANES** OVER **MANHATTAN** AT **NOON**...

EVENTUALLY EVERYTHING RETURNS MORE OR LESS TO NORMAL, ALTHOUGH TRACES OF THE MALADY REMAIN FOR A LONG TIME, AT ALL LEVELS OF SOCIETY.

OH BOY! HORS D'OEUVRES!

Gilbert Shelton's ADVANCED MOTORING TIPS #149

6-27-77

SHELTON

THIS WEEK I BRING TO YOU A RADICAL NEW PROPOSAL WHICH, IF ENACTED INTO LAW, WILL REDUCE TRAFFIC CONGESTION, LOWER OUR GASOLINE PRICES AND TAX THE RICH ALL AT THE SAME TIME. I CALL IT THE ***HURRY TAX***...

WHO AMONG US HAS NOT WASTED AN ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF TIME WAITING AT A RED LIGHT WHEN THERE WAS NO CROSS TRAFFIC?

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IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY ONE COULD SEND A SIGNAL TO THE LIGHT REGULATOR TO MAKE IT HURRY UP! IF IT COULD ONLY RECEIVE RADIO SIGNALS!

EVERY CAR SHOULD HAVE A TRANSMITTER THAT COULD SEND A SHORT-RANGE SIGNAL IN THE DIRECTION OF TRAVEL.

OFFICIAL TRAFFIC LIGHT CHANGER INSTALLATION STATION № 7783

DIRECTIONAL ANTENNA ON ROOF

TRANSMITTER MOUNTED ON DASHBOARD

RADIO SIGNALS WOULD BE SENT TO CHANGE THE LIGHTS IN THE VEHICLE'S PATH. THE TRANSMITTER WOULD TAKE COINS.

A PENNY IS ENOUGH TO CHANGE LIGHT IF NO ONE ELSE IS TRYING

THE MORE MONEY THAT IS PUT INTO THE TRANSMITTER, THE MORE PULSES IT WOULD SEND OUT. THE LIGHT WOULD TURN GREEN IN THE DIRECTION OF MOST PULSES.

DRIVERS OF THESE CARS HAVE PUT IN PENNIES, BUT STILL MUST WAIT.

THIS DRIVER HAS PUT IN QUARTER, GETS GREEN

EACH MONTH, EVERY CAR OWNER MUST TAKE IN HIS TRANSMITTER AND LET THE GOVERNMENT TAKE OUT THE MONEY, WHICH WILL SUBSTITUTE FOR GASOLINE TAXES.

THE RICH WOULD VIE WITH ONE ANOTHER IN THEIR IMPORTANT HURRYINGS, AND THEY WOULD HAVE TRANSMITTERS CALIBRATED FOR LARGE BILLS

EACH DRIVER WOULD HAVE ONE FREE EMERGENCY 30-MINUTE FULL RIGHT-OF-WAY, RENEWABLE IN PERSON ONLY FROM THE MINISTER OF TRAFFIC HIMSELF (ME)

TELL ME, MR. ROCKEFELLER, WHY DID YOU USE YOUR EMERGENCY RIGHT-OF-WAY? THIS HAD BETTER BE **GOOD**!

PERHAPS YOU HADN'T HEARD YET THAT THE PRESIDENT APPOINTED **ME** AS THE VERY FIRST PERSON TO FILL THIS NEW CABINET-LEVEL POSITION, HOLDING FULL CONTROL OVER ALL TRAFFIC LAWS THROUGHOUT THE NATION!!

HONK! BEEP!

HONK! BEEP! HEY, WAKE UP, BUDDY! WE GOT A **GREEN LIGHT**!

DON'T HONK AT **ME**, YOU FOOLS!

On a perfectly clear day, the view from the secret Rip Off Press penthouse is breathtaking in its panoramic beauty (as here sketched by artist Gilbert Shelton). The atmosphere, acting in the manner of a lens as when mirages are produced, enables the viewer to see things that would ordinarily be hidden beyond the horizon. If you look long and hard enough, it is said, you can see the back of your own head.

Meanwhile, you may want to send 25¢ for Rip Off's latest catalog, along with which will receive a wonderful free poster.

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Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Rip Off Comix #2

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52 - Rip Off Press Penthouse

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